the weekly Standard

DECEMBER 10, 2001 / $3.95

AFTER PEARL HARBOR
DAVID BROOKS • STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

A Psychiatrist Looks at Terrorism

By Paul R. McHugh

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AN OPEN LETTER TO CONGRESS:

Now is not the time to raise taxes on America's financial services industries

America's financial services industries need permanent tax rules for the income they earn abroad.

Under current law, U.S. financial companies pay U.S. taxes on foreign income when the income is repatriated to the parent company. **This is the same manner in which every other American company with foreign earnings is taxed. It is also the same manner in which competitors of U.S. companies are taxed in foreign markets.**

The problem is the provision that governs our financial services industries is temporary; every other industry benefits from the consistency of permanent tax rules.

The active financial services provision under Subpart F is scheduled to expire at the end of this year. **If this provision is not extended, U.S. financial companies will face a significant tax increase that will further hinder their ability to compete internationally.**

The transactions that give rise to active financial services income, which are multi-year in nature, are impeded by the uncertainty of short-term extensions. The temporary nature of the active financial services provision makes it difficult for U.S. financial companies to plan for the future and set competitive prices for their services in foreign markets.

It's time to level the playing field by making the active financial services provision under Subpart F a permanent part of the tax code. America's financial services industries deserve a chance to compete internationally under the same rules as everyone else.

The House-passed economic stimulus bill permanently establishes the right tax policy.

AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION • AMERICAN COUNCIL OF LIFE INSURERS
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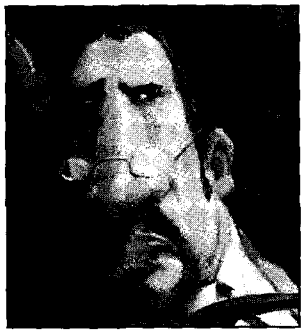

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The Birdman of Baghdad

The official Iraqi line, parroted by peace groups, goes like this: U.S.-led sanctions are killing Iraqis—some 1.5 million since the Gulf War. Saddam Hussein wants the sanctions lifted because he cares deeply about the suffering of innocent Iraqis.

"The U.S., along with its ally Britain, have been persistent to continue their flagrant aggression and cruel sanctions for the sake of causing more harm to the Iraqi people, especially the children," said Tariq Aziz, Saddam's top henchman, in Baghdad last week.

A report on the website for Iraq's government provides more detail. "Salaries are as low as U.S. $2 a month. People have had to sell their belongings in order to survive—first their cars, then household appliances, even their books and furniture."

Well, not all people. With an estimated net worth of $7 billion, Saddam Hussein and his family certainly have more belongings than anyone in Iraq. And of course, were Saddam truly concerned with the well-being of the Iraqi people, he could stop diverting the country's money into his own pockets and his various military and terrorist schemes. He could even sell one of his 48 presidential palaces, or auction off some of his luxury cars.

But Saddam and his sons are not among the Iraqis hawking their possessions. Consider this nugget, from David Nissman's indispensable *Iraq Report* last week:

> Saddam Hussein's eldest son, Uday, has mobilized Iraq's security services and media in search of a falcon that reportedly escaped from his personal zoo, according to "Iraq Press" from Damascus, on 16 November. He has announced a reward of one million dinars (approximately $500) for the capture of the bird. The bird fled Uday's zoo—which is situated in the main presidential compound overlooking the Tigris River. Uday is reportedly fond of rare birds. The missing falcon is one of his rarest birds, worth some $20,000.
>
> While Uday's zoo is flourishing, the state-run zoo is said to be in a deplorable condition. A local newspaper, *Nabidh al-Shabib*, said that the municipality has allocated more money to buy more animals in an attempt to revive the zoo.

As the debate over sanctions continues, THE SCRAPBOOK respectfully suggests to the anti-sanctions crowd that they make liquidation of the Hussein family zoo one of their priorities. ♦

Rule Britannica

Since September 11, Peter A. Coclanis, chairman of the history department at the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill, has been doing what history professors are supposed to do—looking back. "Although the news from Afghanistan has certainly been more upbeat in recent days," he writes to THE SCRAPBOOK, "it's not just the gruesome photos of Northern Alliance troops beating and shooting wounded Taliban soldiers and the approaching endgame at Kandahar that should give us pause. As the chattering classes keep reminding us, we're hip deep in a rough, tough corner of the world. With all due respect to Ted and Maureen and Christiane, however, the most succinct analysis of what we may be up against here appeared not in the weeks since September 11th, but in the 11th edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, published in 1910-1911. Indeed, sections of the Britannica essay, 'Afghanistan,' written by Sir Thomas Hungerford Holdich, trump anything I've read or heard over the past two months about our bitter enemies and new-found friends."

Coclanis cautions that the generalizations of Holdich, Superintendent, Frontier Surveys, India, 1892-98, and author of several important studies on South Asia, are decidedly un-PC and won't appeal to everyone, but that his characterization is well worth pondering. Here's what Holdich had to say:

> The Afghans, inured to bloodshed from childhood, are familiar with death, and audacious in attack, but easily discouraged by failure; excessively turbulent and unsubmissive to law or discipline; apparently frank and affable in manner, especially when they hope to gain some object, but capable of the grossest brutality when that hope ceases. They are unscrupulous in perjury, treacherous, vain and insatiable, passionate in vindictiveness, which they will satisfy at the cost of their own lives and in the most cruel manner. Nowhere is crime committed on such trifling grounds, or with such general impunity, though when it is punished the punishment is atrocious. Among themselves the Afghans are quarrelsome, intriguing and distrustful; estrangements and affrays are of constant occurrence; the traveler conceals and misrepresents the time and direction of his journey. The Afghan is by breed and nature a bird of prey. If from habit and tradition he respects a stranger within his threshold, he yet considers it legitimate to warn a neighbour of the prey that is afoot, or even to overtake and plunder his guest after he has quitted his roof. The repression of crime and the demand of taxation he regards alike as tyranny. The Afghans are eternally boasting of their lineage, their independence and their prowess. They look on the

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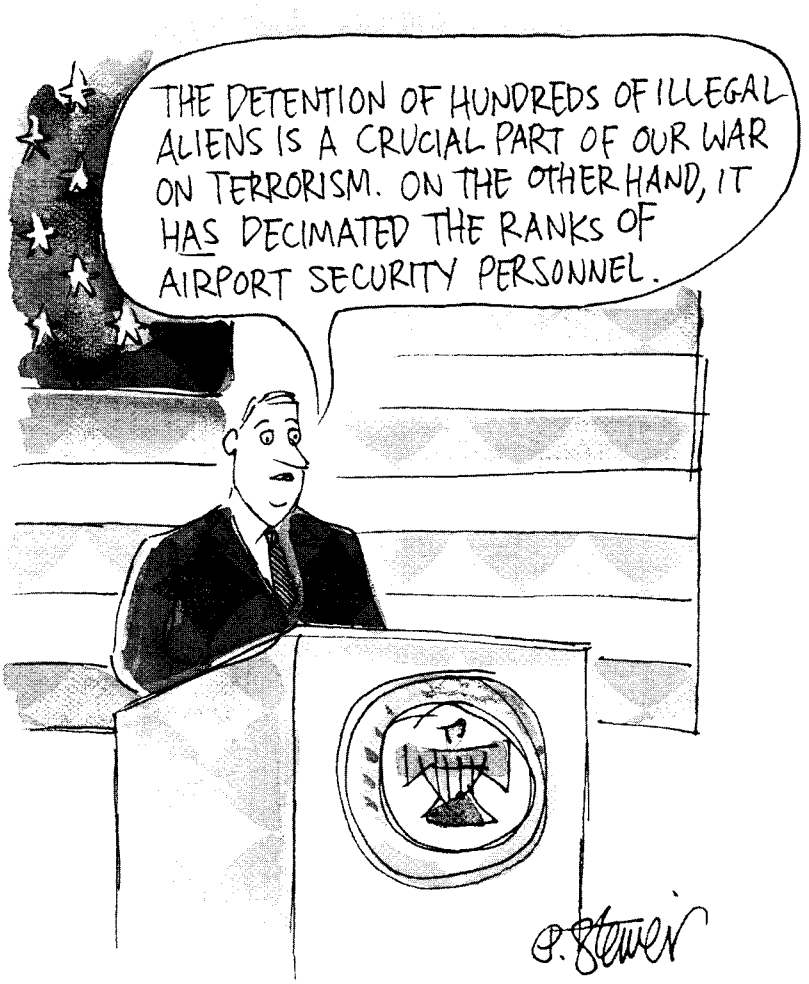

Afghans as the first of nations, and each man looks on himself as the equal of any Afghan.

They are capable of enduring great privation, and make excellent soldiers. . . . Sobriety and hardiness characterize the bulk of the people, though the higher classes are too often stained with deep and degrading debauchery. The first impression made by the Afghan is favourable. The European, especially if he come from India, is charmed by their apparent frank, open-hearted, hospitable and manly manners; but the charm is not of long duration, and he finds that the Afghan is as cruel and crafty as he is independent. ♦

A Najjar Setback

Mazen Al-Najjar, whose terrorism-related deportation case THE WEEKLY STANDARD's David Tell has been closely following these past few weeks, was dealt a devastating blow last Wednesday by the 11th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. Al-Najjar has been living in the United States illegally for more than 15 years. He was re-arrested by the Immigration and Naturalization Service on November 24—11 days after a panel of the same court affirmed a final deportation order against him. But a separate track of litigation had continued: The government was appealing a December 2000 federal district court ruling that freed Al-Najjar from an earlier, three-and-a-half-year stretch of detention. The district court held that the Justice Department's use of secret evidence concerning Al-Najjar's ties to terrorist organizations was legally insufficient to justify locking the man up.

Last week the 11th Circuit vacated the district-level ruling Al-Najjar had won. "Plainly," the appeals court's unanimous order explained, "the final order of deportation gives the Attorney General unambiguous authority under controlling law to take Al-Najjar into custody." This authority is "unmistakable" and "unfettered."

In other words, barring Supreme Court review, which most observers consider a remote possibility, the man's departure from America has never seemed more likely. State Department negotiations with the governments of Egypt and the United Arab Emirates over paperwork to finalize Al-Najjar's deportation to the latter country are already under way. ♦

This Little Piggy . . .

Ellen Knickmeyer of the Associated Press and Dexter Filkins of the *New York Times* both went to Kunduz on November 26. They both saw Taliban who'd been bound and executed, but seemed to disagree on the meaning.

Knickmeyer: "Three other fly-covered Taliban lay dead in empty market stalls. Each man's big toes had been looped together with cords to prevent his escape while alive."

Filkins: "The bodies of the Taliban soldiers lay stiff and straight at odd points across the intersection of Khanabad Road and Chugha Street. The big toes on their bare feet were tied together, an Islamic burial custom . . ."

Maybe they're both right. Maybe it's a new custom. ♦

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Casual

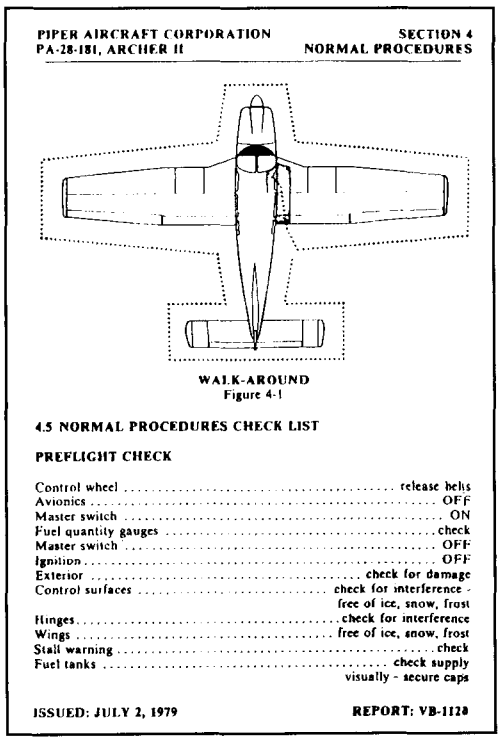
Osama's Underpants

American journalists typically regard their British counterparts with a mixture of pity and disdain. Fleet Streeters, so the stereotype goes, tend to be thieving, dipsomaniac fabulists: quick to sensationalize, slow to fact-check, more likely to hoist a pint than a phone.

But I actually think this is unfair. There's no one from whom I'd rather steal than a British hack. As a rule, they have an inborn knack for extracting a story's most interesting details. On occasion, these details even happen to be true. Consequently, the most readable Afghanistan coverage by far belongs to the Brits. Where else would we have learned that Mullah Omar likes to make engine noises while turning the wheel of his parked car, or that Omar and Osama bin Laden used to go fishing together—with grenades?

The best story, however, belongs to the *Independent*'s Richard Lloyd Parry. After the Taliban evacuated Jalalabad, journalists swept in, looking for all manner of munitions and weapons manuals. Not Parry. He went straight to the bathroom of Osama bin Laden's abandoned compound, where bin Laden's underpants ("striped gray and black cotton boxers, with a label reading Angelo Petrico, size XXL") were hanging on a rack. How he knew these belonged to bin Laden was beside the point (remember, Parry is British). He had no choice but to nick them as "a souvenir from a place full of more sinister and deadly objects." After all, he wrote, "how many can claim to own the underwear of the world's most dangerous man?"

After reading this story, I realized why I have a soft spot for my British colleagues. They provide what I call the Ron Effect. Ron was a high school pal of mine, with whom I nearly failed trigonometry. As our teacher would prattle on about bisectors and vertices (maybe it was geometry, I wasn't really listening), my senses would shut down and my throat would close up. Then I'd look over at Ron. He was failing worse than I was, but he didn't let that get in the way of a good siesta. While I panicked, Ron slept serenely, face-down in a puddle of drool. This always made me feel better. No matter how lost I was, I'd never be as lost as Ron.



PIPER AIRCRAFT CORPORATION — SECTION 4
PA-28-181, ARCHER II — NORMAL PROCEDURES

WALK-AROUND
Figure 4-1

4.5 NORMAL PROCEDURES CHECK LIST

PREFLIGHT CHECK

Control wheel	release belts
Avionics	OFF
Master switch	ON
Fuel quantity gauges	check
Master switch	OFF
Ignition	OFF
Exterior	check for damage
Control surfaces	check for interference - free of ice, snow, frost
Hinges	check for interference
Wings	free of ice, snow, frost
Stall warning	check
Fuel tanks	check supply visually - secure caps

ISSUED: JULY 2, 1979 — REPORT: VB-1120

Likewise, Parry's adventure made me feel better about one of my own. Last month, while on assignment in Florida, I happened by the Palm Beach Flight Training center at the County Park Airport in Lantana. Remembering that this was where terrorist Mohamed Atta rented planes to practice up for his flight into the World Trade Center, I stopped in to have a look. On the tarmac right off the runway, a Japanese television crew was interviewing Rob Wilson, a 20-year-old attendant at the center, and Paco Simpson, an AT&T marketing employee and airfield regular.

"Look at that," said Paco, as if announcing a new theme park attraction, "the Terrorist Plane!" We expected it to be behind police tape, but there was the Piper Archer Atta had rented, front and center for everyone's perusal. "Can we go for a ride? Pleeease, it would be so special," the giggly interviewer asked Rob, as if she'd been trying to hop into his Mustang for a jaunt up to Inspiration Point. "Not tonight," Rob said, "it's already too dark."

Instead, Rob let us sit in the plane. I climbed through the hatch and slid into the cockpit. "Put your hands on the controls, bro," said Paco, "it's such a rush." I hate to admit it, but he was right. I had never understood the murderabilia market until that moment—why would anyone want the clown paintings of John Wayne Gacy or the nail clippings of serial killer Roy Norris? But sitting there, I had an irrepressible urge to take something. So I did: the laminated flight-safety checklist.

"Whoa, bro," said Paco, "you can't have that, the FAA will come down on us." "You don't even work here," I replied. But, chastened, I told Rob that I'd buy the souvenir for 100 bucks. Rob said he'd have to ask the center's owner, so he phoned her. She assented, and as Rob rang up my purchase, I couldn't help but feel scummy. Scummier still when I asked for a certificate of authenticity should I decide to flip the checklist on eBay.

As I was about to go, the owner called back. "Did she change her mind?" I asked. "No," Rob replied, "She wants to know if you'd like to buy Atta's rental agreement for 500 bucks." Absolutely not, I said, leaving in a huff. What did she think I was—British or something?

Matt Labash

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A world of ideas on public policy.

New Hope For AIDS Sufferers in Africa

by Merle A. Sande, M.D.

Sub-Saharan Africa faces enormous problems as it struggles with the AIDS pandemic, but the Western world can lend a vital helping hand. Today, most observers acknowledge that the biggest challenge facing the continent is not the availability or price of anti-retroviral and other drugs, but the lack of an adequate primary healthcare infrastructure. Throughout Africa, medical professionals must operate within hard-pressed healthcare systems that cannot cope with the enormous challenges facing them. By bringing resources to bear on this deficit, Western healthcare providers and industry – in partnership with Western governments – can improve these conditions.

An international coalition – the Academic Alliance for AIDS Care and Prevention in Africa – will break ground in 2002 on the first large-scale HIV/AIDS clinic in Africa. The Academic Alliance consists of five professors of medicine from North American medical schools and eight professors of medicine, pediatrics, and public health from Makerere University Medical School in Kampala, Uganda. Pfizer Inc and the Pfizer Foundation are providing $11 million over three years to fund construction and staffing of the clinic, which will be located at Makerere University. Pfizer is also donating its antifungal medicine Diflucan® *(fluconazole)* for use in treating HIV/AIDS patients suffering from cryptococcal meningitis and esophageal candidiasis.

Expected to open in late 2002, the new clinic will provide state-of-the-art diagnosis and treatment of HIV, tuberculosis, opportunistic infections, and sexually-transmitted diseases. These capabilities will allow a quantum leap in training in AIDS care by giving clinicians access to previously unavailable information about levels of immune competence and HIV viral load. Once the facility is fully operational, it will treat many thousands of AIDS patients annually according to the latest standards of care. The clinic will also train approximately eighty clinicians each year in the most advanced techniques for treating AIDS. These medical professionals will then return to their own institutions to train many more, multiplying the new facility's impact. The clinic will hopefully serve as a model for the establishment of many others like it throughout the continent.

The new HIV/AIDS clinic being established by the Academic Alliance and Makerere University exemplifies the vital role that public-private partnerships play in checking the AIDS pandemic

It's fitting that the new clinic will be located in Uganda. The AIDS pandemic has hit that country particularly hard. In 1999 alone, 110,000 Ugandans died as a result of AIDS, and almost one million children were orphaned. Today some 820,000 Ugandans – more than 8 percent of the adult population – are living with HIV/AIDS, and only one percent of them have access to anti-retroviral medicines.

President Yoweri K. Museveni's government has won widespread praise for the political will and courage it has shown in combating AIDS. Uganda's aggressive public education and prevention programs have contributed to a sustained, dramatic reduction in the country's HIV infection rate – from 30 percent in the early 1990s to just over eight percent currently. That success heavily influenced the Academic Alliance's decision to locate the new clinic in Kampala.

The establishment of the Makerere clinic is a vital first step in the larger project of strengthening Africa's medical infrastructure, replicating it across the continent, and bringing the latest medicines to bear on treating this disease. Pharmaceutical companies have expanded access to needed medicines in Africa through donations and price reductions. But the continent continues to need a better delivery system for medical services to ensure proper dosing, education, and treatment of HIV/AIDS patients.

The training provided at the clinic will pave the way for wider access to anti-retroviral therapies throughout Africa. And it will help African medical professionals provide their AIDS patients the same enhanced care that developed-world patients have come to expect.

The program will also conduct critical operational research to determine the most effective ways to prevent HIV transmission, as well as to treat the infection and its complications. In addition to training African clinicians in HIV/AIDS care, the program will provide training in translational and clinical science for African students and physicians.

Anti-retroviral drugs are an essential part of the solution to the AIDS pandemic, but they are only part of that solution. The new HIV/AIDS clinic being established by the Academic Alliance and Makerere University exemplifies the vital role that public-private partnerships play in checking the AIDS pandemic. This initiative offers new hope and a brighter future to Africa's 25 million HIV-infected people.

Merle A. Sande, M.D., is co-chairman of the Academic Alliance for AIDS Care and Prevention in Africa, and Professor of Medicine at the University of Utah.

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Correspondence

The Feminist Legacy

Congratulations to Mary Eberstadt for her brilliant exposé of the "wolf in wolf's clothing," Naomi Wolf ("Feminism's Children," Nov. 5).

The core of the feminist movement of the 1970s was its demand to liberate women from motherhood with all its duties and sacrifices, as well as to deny to those who chose motherhood the perks a pro-family society accorded it. Most feminist ideologues rejected motherhood.

With the feminists, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. Eberstadt has documented the fact that, even when feminists do have babies, they remain bitter about the demands of motherhood. Their ideology is consistently antagonistic to happy families.

Phyllis Schlafly
President, Eagle Forum
St. Louis, MO

An Imperialist-To-Be . . .

Gordon G. Chang underestimates the People's Republic of China's ability to make mischief in the short term ("Red Letter Day," Nov. 26). Historically, when states have been faced with large-scale internal dissension, a diversionary war becomes an option. The Argentinian junta attempted to distract its people from an economic and social crisis by invading the Falkland Islands in 1982. They thought they could do this on the cheap, because they figured no one would really fight for the Falklands. But the United Kingdom did, and the junta fell. However, for a short time, it worked, as nationalist sentiment rallied the Argentinian people around the flag.

Today, China has a similar opportunity, not with Taiwan, but with the oil-rich Spratley Islands in the South China Sea. Multiple parties claim these unpopulated islands, none of which, except China, can land a force there and support it for any length of time.

The only thing keeping China out of the Spratleys is the U.S. Navy. But with the fleet currently occupied elsewhere, what would we do if presented with a Chinese declaration of sovereignty over the Spratleys as a fait accompli? Occupation of the Spratleys is for China a low-cost way of harnessing nationalist sentiment and thereby distracting the Chinese people from the oppressive rule of the Communist party. Would America go to war with China over unpopulated—albeit strategically vital—islands to which China possesses a colorable claim?

Chris Griffith
New York, NY

And a Fallen Giant

Legions of conservatives, thankful for Enron's prior championship of free and open markets, find apt justice in this erstwhile pioneer's downfall ("The Rise and Fall of Enron," Irwin M. Stelzer,

Nov. 26). Succumbing to the affliction befalling so many "reformist" politicians, in the mid-1990s Enron surveyed its newfound position among the elite and determined that heavy-handed government intrusion in the market is on second thought a healthy thing, so long as Enron dictates when and how. Two obscene examples of Enron's reversal of thinking were its aggressive funding of energy suppression through the Kyoto Protocol and its pet project, the "carbon dioxide cap-and-trade" (an "energy tax" according to the Congressional Budget Office).

Allying with the likes of the Union of Concerned Scientists and dishonestly scaring people to get its way is Enron's right, if inconsistent with all Stelzer finds admirable in Enron's advocacy on its ascent. But when the logical outcome is reduced automobility, increased energy costs, and diminished energy security, making a core effort out of shortsighted power plays like Kyoto scuffs the patina of Enron's image as principled market competitor.

Christopher C. Horner
Competitive Enterprise Institute
Washington, DC

Premodern Jihad

It is hard to find much fault with Waller R. Newell's silly effort to blame the terrorist attacks on leftist academics and postmodernism since so many axes have been ground since September 11 ("Postmodern Jihad," Nov. 26). While propaganda of deed-style terrorism has intellectual roots and apologists, Georges Sorel for instance, Newell reveals more about current collegiate culture wars than the war on terror.

Despite his (postmodern) effort to "re-read" Osama and company, the prime ideological inspiration for al Qaeda remains the Koran, and through it, that other catalogue of irrationality and terror, the Old Testament. Foucault, Derrida, and the spirit of Paris '68 should have been part of the canon taught in Islamic religious schools and terrorist training camps. Then impressionable young holy warriors would have been able to deconstruct the God-and-guns, burkas-and-beards, talk they were being fed.

Mark Vallianatos
Pomona, CA

• • •

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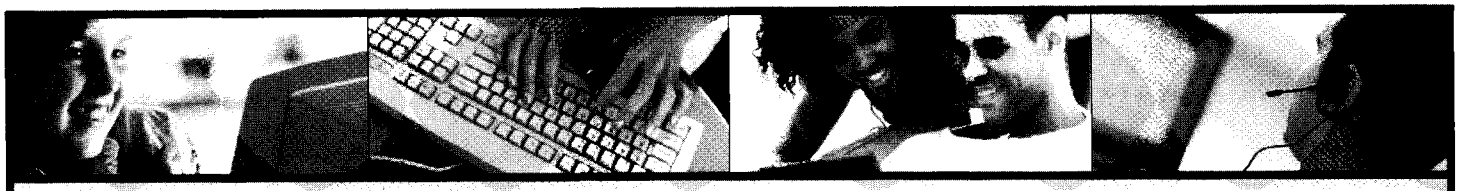

CREATING A SECURE ONLINE WORLD

At no time in recent history has the issue of security been on people's minds as much as it is today. And now, with the World Wide Web emerging as a "virtual" community gathering place, shopping mall and entertainment center, it's increasingly important to ensure that our security and privacy are protected online as well.

As people sought refuge from the events of recent months, an unprecedented number of U.S. residents—103.7 million—accessed the Web from their homes in October. With a record $9.9 billion online holiday shopping season predicted this year—due in part to people preferring to shop from home—it's essential that we all understand how to keep information private and secure.

Although six in ten online consumers say they are concerned about their security and privacy online, most of us engage in common activities—sending or receiving e-mail, browsing the Internet, shopping, banking or investing online or visiting chat rooms—without a full understanding of the potential consequences, or the protections available.

Do you know, for example, how to protect yourself against prying eyes, identity theft or destructive online viruses that can infect your computer? What about trading your *personal* information for information *you want* about something else?

As you use the Internet here are some important safeguards to consider:

- **Look for the lock:** When shopping online, purchase goods and services over a secure Internet connection. Your connection is secure when the little padlock symbol shows up in the bottom right corner of your browser window.
- **Choose your comfort zone:** Users of Internet Explorer 6, which is part of Windows XP or available as a free download from microsoft.com/ie, can choose from six different privacy levels to manage information transmitted between themselves and others online effectively.
- **Be cautious about giving out personal information online:** Before you give out personal information like your e-mail address, name, address or credit card number, be sure to review the privacy statement of the Web site so you can see how your information will be used.
- **Use strong passwords:** When working with online banks or brokerages, choose passwords that have both letters and numbers and are difficult to guess. And try to avoid using the same password for different accounts or Web sites.
- **Open door or firewall?** DSL and cable modem connections are often "always on," meaning that as long as your computer is powered up, it is always connected to the Internet. For extra safety, high-speed Internet users should have a personal firewall to protect information on *their* side of the modem.
- **When in doubt, encrypt it:** Unless your e-mail application provides encryption features such as the use of digital signatures, your messages are about as private as a postcard or a letter sent in an unsealed envelope. For messages that require strong security, it's best to utilize the encryption options found in certain e-mail programs.

These are just a few of the tools that exist to help you share as much or as little information online as you desire. At microsoft.com/privacy/-safeinternet/ you can take an interactive quiz to determine what levels of safety suit you best in given situations.

While there is clearly more to do, the online industry is making strides towards improving the security and privacy options available to consumers. As in other aspects of our lives, awareness and knowledge is the most important first line of defense. Personal security online involves staying alert and taking the right precautions to fit your lifestyle online.

One in a series of essays on technology and society. More information is available at microsoft.com/issues.

Microsoft

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Fannie Mae **helps save** home buyers as much as $30,000 over the life of their loans.

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(That allows the Lee family to move into their first home, and start **saving money** for their firstborn.)

Families have a lot of plans and dreams for their money. And buying a home is a big one on the list.

So at Fannie Mae, we're dedicating our energy toward lowering mortgage costs so that more families can afford homeownership and still have some money left for other important things in life.

And we're succeeding. For example, we help lenders offer mortgages to home buyers that save them as much as $30,000 over the life of a 30-year fixed-rate conventional loan.

And our investment in technology for the mortgage industry, such as Desktop Underwriter,® is helping lenders reduce origination costs by as much as $1,400 per loan.

Savings like that add up. And that's important to us because there are a lot of families out there with big plans and big dreams. And fortunately, now they are affordable dreams.

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the weekly Standard

While the Senate Sleeps

Around Thanksgiving—under a headline in the *New York Times* that read "24 Cow Clones, All Normal, Are Reported by Scientists: A Challenge to Arguments Against Human Cloning"—a company called Advanced Cell Technology announced that there was no need to fear cloning, for it had succeeded in perfecting the necessary techniques. Further down in the article, one learned that to get those 24 cows the company had had to create 500 clones, 470 of them lost before birth and another 6 after. That doesn't seem a promising success rate, but the project director, Dr. Robert Lanza, insisted that it showed the pointlessness of legislation banning human cloning. Such a ban passed the House by 265 to 162 but has sat in the Senate for three months without action. In the interim, opponents of cloning have tried "to portray human cloning as dangerous and irresponsible"—ah, but now, Lanza explained, we can "put some science in here, some reality."

It was a marvelously timed piece of propaganda, for just as the *Times* was reporting the cow clones, Advanced Cell Technology was releasing advance copies of a *Scientific American* article in which it detailed its creation of embryonic human clones. Once again, the success rate wasn't promising; most of the attempts died within a day. But a few lasted for five days, and the company's chief executive, Michael West, was suddenly everywhere—on television, radio, quoted in newspapers around the world: a newborn media star proclaiming the wonders of cloning.

Much of the debate in the days since has swirled around the Democratic leadership's refusal to allow the legislation banning cloning to come to the Senate floor. Majority leader Tom Daschle promised there would be a debate on the issue this spring, and he seems to think that means, by God, the debate shouldn't happen a day before spring—even if we're knee-deep in clones by then.

After the Advanced Cell Technology announcement, Sen. Sam Brownback, who is the lead sponsor of the ban on cloning in the Senate, demanded immediate consideration of that legislation, or at least of a temporary ban on cloning until the legislation could be debated in the spring. President Bush weighed in in support of Brownback's effort, as did an expanded coalition of liberal and conservative groups. As of this writing, there is talk of attaching a temporary cloning ban to the continuing resolution in the House, and Senate minority leader Trent Lott has promised to offer a six-month moratorium as an amendment to other legislation. Either of these ought to pass, but neither is likely to. Lott's amendment—a sort of omnibus rider attached to a bill reforming the railroad retirement system—includes opening the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge to drilling, which is likely to scare off environmentalist allies in the fight against cloning.

The question of a moratorium on human cloning in preparation for a Senate debate is nothing more, and nothing less, than the question of whether science belongs under human control.

Why is this so hard to do? Why is the default position allowing Michael West and Advanced Cell Technology—the recipient of at least $3.56 million from the federal government in just over a year—to play with our genetic future as much as they like? Why don't we *prohibit* cloning until there is a serious Senate debate, instead of encouraging it?

THE WEEKLY STANDARD has editorialized before about the dangers of cloning: its moral fecklessness, its permanent establishment of the Brave New World project, and its utter disrespect for human life. Does anyone actually imagine that the cure for all disease lies within our grasp, if only the Republicans would set aside their worries about cloning? Does anyone really suppose that the moral sense of biotechnology researchers is sufficiently fine that we can leave them entirely unregulated? Hairdressers and taxicab drivers face more significant legal constraints, and they don't get millions in government grants to help them out.

But we aren't at the point of having that argument yet. We are only at the point of asking why we can't ban the cloning of people for a few months while we think about it.

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There is no answer to this question except the Senate's desire to avoid facing the issue. No one believes that human clones are mandatory for stem-cell research over the next few months.

Meanwhile, the insistence from Michael West and others that their clones aren't really embryos but "somatic cells" is falsified by their own *Scientific American* article, which announces "the first human embryos produced using the technique of nuclear transplantation, otherwise known as cloning." Such scientific terms morphed into euphemisms—"parthenogenesis," "somatic cell nuclear transfer"—always betray a guilty conscience, and they have begun to break down. In the midst of a rambling statement to the Senate, Arlen Specter denounced "therapeutic cloning," insisting that it was invented by opponents of cloning to confuse the issue. The truth is, of course, the opposite: "Therapeutic cloning" was a euphemism invented by *pro*-cloning activists in an attempt to suggest that they weren't involved in manufacturing human beings in order to destroy them but were merely working to advance the public health.

When a few senators, particularly Sam Brownback and Bill Frist, rose to complain about their colleagues' inaction, assistant majority leader Harry Reid objected that the Senate had "a lot" of more important things to address before slipping away for a recess. Besides, he added, a moratorium of "six months or two months or two days would impede science." But that, you see, is the point. The question of a simple six-month moratorium on human cloning in preparation for a Senate debate is nothing more, and nothing less, than the question of whether science belongs under human control. Was science made to serve man, or was man made only to serve the Brave New World of science?

—J. Bottum, for the Editors

"(UM) THIS COMPLICATES THINGS, MR. PRESIDENT. CHENEY JUST GREW A NEW HEART FROM A CLONED EMBRYO."

Henry Payne

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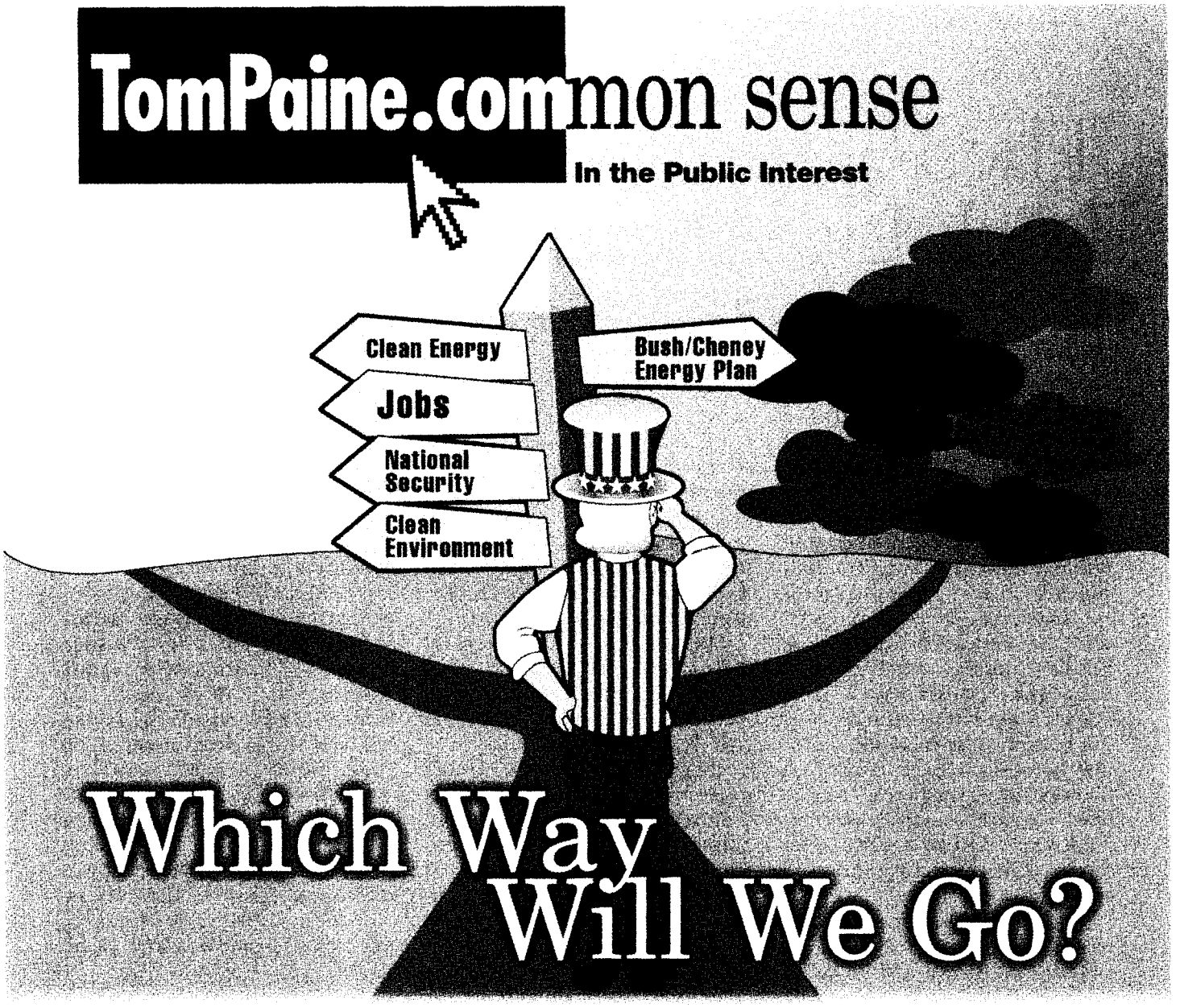
In the Public Interest



Which Way Will We Go?

Americans must choose an energy future. No decision facing us today has greater implications for the health of our economy, our communities, and the environment that sustains us. **Which way will we go?**

The White House energy plan is a fraud, a payback for campaign contributions from oil, coal, gas and nuclear industry cronies. It would protect their profits and perpetuate their pollution at public expense.

In advocating their plan, President Bush, Vice President Cheney, and their allies in Congress demonstrate profound dishonesty and disloyalty to the genuine national interest.

If you think that's a harsh conclusion, read the "Clean Energy Blueprint" from the **Union of Concerned Scientists**, the **American Council for an Energy Efficient Economy**, and the **Tellus Institute**.

The Blueprint weighs the costs and benefits of the "business-as-usual" approach embodied in the Bush plan against those of a package of common sense, clean-energy policies. The findings are astounding.

- The Bush plan calls for only 2.8 percent of our energy to come from clean, renewable sources by 2020 (compared to 2 percent today). Blueprint policies would increase that to 20 percent, pumping billions into the economy as a result.
- Compared to the Bush plan, Clean Energy Blueprint policies would save consumers $440 billion between now and 2020, and $105 billion annually thereafter. Pollution reduction would create additional savings – like improved public health that would lower insurance and medical costs.
- A former CIA director, a former national security advisor, and a former chair of the Joint Chiefs of Staff have endorsed some Blueprint policies because they enhance national security, unlike the Bush plan.

Senate Democrats have found enough spine to delay debate on energy policy until early next year. Perhaps that will give Americans time to read the Clean Energy Blueprint and ask: Which way will we go?

TomPaine.com – Energy: Which Way Will We Go?
Featuring excerpts from the Clean Energy Blueprint.

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The Right Way to Lock Up Aliens

The lessons of World War II are not all negative.

BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

ON DECEMBER 7, 1941, the day the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, the United States government faced an array of internal enemies. These included aliens and Americans of German, Italian, and Japanese ancestry. The Roosevelt administration's handling of Japanese Americans—some 120,000 were sent to relocation camps—has become notorious, although few of those who expatiate on the topic nowadays know very much about it. For example, it is rarely mentioned that Japanese government-controlled Shinto religious temples in America were found to be subversive organizations, a precedent for possible investigation today of mosques financed by foreign governments.

Much less discussed is the government's internment and relocation of Germans and Italians. At the outset of the war, U.S. authorities made judicious use of a custodial detention list already compiled by the FBI. About 5,000 German aliens and 250 Italian aliens were interned during the war, mainly pro-Axis agitators, members of pro-Nazi and fascist groups, and others with demonstrable ties to Germany and Italy. Among Italian Americans, 10,000 were reportedly evacuated from strategic zones and tens of thousands more were required to observe a nightly curfew by remaining in their homes.

The fact that the FBI had been keeping watch on these groups is unsurprising. The German-American Bund was a U.S. branch of Hitler's ruling party, replete with uniforms and flamboyant mass rallies. The Italian stalwarts of Mussolini in this country had a longer and even more vicious history. They mounted a strident public defense of the dictator from the beginning of his regime, terrorizing antifascists in the Italian-American community and even murdering enemies on American soil.

The dictator's line was purveyed to Italian Americans through newspapers like the infamous *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*, a daily printed in New York by Generoso Pope, who would go on to publish the *National Enquirer*. The propaganda worked, as it often does: In 1935, when Mussolini's armies invaded Ethiopia, committing widespread atrocities, 10,000 Italian-American housewives in California donated their wedding rings to the Italian war effort, and San Francisco garbage collectors of Sicilian origin amassed scrap iron for the same cause.

The treatment of enemy sympathizers and agents is, of course, immensely relevant at the moment. In contending with the pro-terrorist tendencies among Arab Americans or American Muslims, the U.S. government has the example of Japanese relocation before it as a model of what not to do: label an entire ethnic or religious group as uniformly suspect. However, the German and Italian cases may be useful precedents, especially since Arab and Muslim extremists have been voluble, in the style of the Bund and the Italian fascists, and are thus fairly easy to distinguish. Indeed, the Justice Department's current pattern of arrests and interrogations seems limited and focused, notwithstanding the overheated rhetoric employed against it.

But this remains contemporary America, where until September 11, public self-flagellation over Japanese relocation was a firmly established element in the catechism of political correctness. Unsurprisingly, advocates for Arab detainees have exploited the Japanese parallel to the maximum, seeking to paint today's terrorism suspects as innocents and the entire Arab and Muslim communities as victims of wholesale discrimination.

Americans, however, may be losing patience with this argument. Consider the preposterous ongoing effort to confer martyrdom on World War II-era Italian Americans. Late last year, at the end of the Clinton administration, Congress passed Public Law 106-451, the "Wartime Violation of Italian-American Civil Liberties Act." This legislation, introduced with bipartisan backing by New York congressmen Rick Lazio and Eliot Engel, called for a comprehensive review of "the treatment of Italian Americans during World War II." The civil rights division of the Justice Department was directed to report to Congress by November 7, 2001, a deadline that has come and gone with little public notice.

The reason is obvious. People have become more realistic since September 11 about what a wartime government must do to deal with internal threats, and less inclined to apologize about it. The report is probably a colossal embarrassment to those who commissioned it. The Italian Americans who came under scrutiny during the war were mainly those suspected of fascist sympathies—a topic omitted from the debate over this law.

Notwithstanding the rampant fascist activity among Italian Americans before 1941, the number of those sanctioned in any way by the U.S. government during World War II was small. The alleged violations of civil liberties were hardly atrocious: arrest and internment; individual orders to move away from strategic areas; enforcement of curfew, contraband,

Stephen Schwartz is the author of the forthcoming book The Two Faces of Islam.

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Bettmann / CORBIS

Generoso Pope, flanked by Italian fascists in Rome, June 1937.

and other regulations; bans on fishing in prohibited areas; confiscation of fishing boats; and dismissal from strategic employment. (Fishing boats owned by enemy aliens, many of whom were Italian, were a highly sensitive issue at the outset of the war, as Japanese submarines were sinking American ships off the Pacific Coast; a Japanese sub even shelled Goleta, near Santa Barbara.)

Nevertheless, it was probably predictable that a group of Italian-American complainants would come forward demanding redress. The instigators of P.L. 106-451—enterprising Bay Area historical revisionists led by an undistinguished scribbler, Lawrence DiStasi, and an elderly woman, Rose Scherini—have said they don't want money, just "recognition" of unfair treatment. With luck they will have a long wait. It's hard to imagine a more dubious cause these days than a public apology to those accused of sympathy for the Italian fascists in World War II.

The Wartime Violation of Italian-American Civil Liberties Act also directed the attorney general "to review wartime restrictions on Italian Americans to determine how civil liberties can be better protected during national emergencies"—a request that turned out to be more timely than its sponsors could ever have imagined. The conclusions of this review, adopted as findings of Congress and released in the form of an executive summary in mid-November (the full report has yet to be released to the public), shed little light on this challenging directive, however. History's bottom line, as identified by Congress: "The freedom of 600,000 Italian-born immigrants in the United States and their families *was* restricted during World War II by Government measures that branded them 'enemy aliens' and included carrying identification cards, travel restrictions, and seizure of personal property."

But was this the wrong thing to do? After all, what American's freedom was not restricted during World War II? A draft was instituted, and evaders of it were imprisoned; consumer goods were rationed; wages, prices, rents, and other transactions were controlled; the right of labor to strike was abrogated; travel was limited and ordinary people were regularly stopped and interrogated; whole chunks of the economy were requisitioned for military use. Wars are by definition unfair and uncomfortable. Loyalty tests may be especially uncomfortable to some, but should not trouble those whose loyalties are clear.

The official investigation of Italian-American victimization has produced at least one ridiculously exaggerated conclusion: We are told that "the impact of the wartime experience was devastating to Italian-American communities in the United States, and its effects are still being felt." But the document also exposes the extent to which those who drummed up this folderol made exaggerated and ambiguous claims. It turns out that when Italian aliens were "taken into custody," many were merely directed to report to the office of the U.S. attorney for questioning, and were not actually detained. The Justice Department today seems wisely to be following this same course with Arab aliens in Michigan.

Further, the charge that Italian-American fishermen were unfairly prohibited from fishing in prohibited zones falls flat. Venturing into restricted waters was forbidden to all vessels of every kind, whether commercial or pleasure boats, without regard for their owners' citizenship. Allegations that Italian-American fishing boats were confiscated also turn out to be a hoax. Boats were requisitioned by the federal authorities through charter or purchase, and the only craft that were confiscated belonged to owners who had repeatedly made incursions into prohibited waters.

The lesson to be learned from this legislative folly is that in the realm of civil liberties, our government is seldom deliberately malicious, even when sorely tried, and has usually acted practically and sensibly. Quite a few of us already knew that, and more are learning it every day. ♦

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The Blair Bitch Project

Tories complain, but there's good reason for Tony Blair's popularity here. BY MICHAEL GONZALEZ

MY TORY FRIENDS have become very worried—angry even—about British prime minister Tony Blair's newfound popularity in America. What especially grates on them is that Blair is now admired by American conservatives, the last Tory constituency of any value.

"It won't last, you know," they tell me, but I recognize the anxiety in their voices. They whine that "*To*ny"—he's always *To*ny to those who hate him most, with the first syllable not just emphasized, but pronounced in a slightly higher tone—will use his newfound influence eventually to introduce something wicked, like the euro. Once he starts to advocate world government the scales will fall from your eyes again, they almost plead.

The perceptive Anne Applebaum, who's not usually given to revelries about black helicopters, writes something along these lines in the Sunday *Telegraph*: Blair's American admirers just don't understand how underhanded he can be. John Laughland, writing in the *Spectator*, goes further: Blair is "exceedingly pro-American" and Republicans are only now twigging on, he writes. He adds for good measure that the Tories should react by opposing this war, reconsidering their pro-American proclivities overall, and returning to "quintessentially traditional British qualities" such as siding with the underdog (by which I think he means the Taliban).

Laughland may actually have something there—though not about the Taliban or the war, of course. The Tories may soon discover that they are not America's natural ally. The United States is a liberal world power founded on liberal values (and by famous anti-Tories, such as Tom Paine and Thomas Jefferson). I am using the term liberal not in the sense that a *New York Times* reader may understand it, of course, but in the classical sense of advocating small government, open borders, free trade, meritocracy, etc. The Tories may claim they too want all those things, but upon analysis they would find that they want them only up to a point.

The only surprise about Blair's new transatlantic admirers is that it's taken them so long. There are many things to dislike about the British prime minister, his control freakery being but one. But it is staggering that for the past four years Americans, and especially U.S. conservatives, have continued to look at British politics through the prism of Margaret Thatcher vs. Michael Foot.

What has changed in the past two decades is not just personalities. It's not simply Tony's ardor for a good war, or Chancellor of the Exchequer Gordon Brown's fondness for vacations in Nantucket, that makes the present Labour leadership slightly more pro-Yank. If this were so, then Labour would return to its ambivalence about American power once the leadership passed to someone with Clare Short's stridency or Denis MacShane's squishy Europeanness. Rather, a whole set of historic and economic forces are making Labour the natural pro-American party of the future, and the Tories the reflexively anti-American one.

This is not the case yet, to be sure, and it may never be. The second phase of the war on terror might be harder on the Bush-Blair friendship. But the death of Marxism seems to be returning politics to where it was before Marx and the factory. And that is to a debate between classical conservatives and classical liberals (or nobility and bourgeoisie; landed interests and merchant class; Tories and Whigs; Ghibellines and Guelfs).

In this debate, it is clear where the Conservative party stands. Its instincts are, well, conservative. It will be the party that will defend tradition, throne, and church.

You cannot cherish quintessential Englishness and at the same time be happy about hordes of immigrants moving in, and taking a while to integrate, when they care to. You can't wax poetic about bucolic country practices and simultaneously welcome in cheaper produce that will devastate British farms. There's a bright future for Britain in many sectors, but they would have to be those with a high value-added; British agriculture is not one of those and would founder in a true open trading system.

If you care about propriety, you also can't be too meritocratic, really. The Tories I know want barriers to be at least difficult to break. You can rise above your station in life, they say, but we want to see some effort (and once you get here don't altogether forget whence you came). In this reading, the meritocratic Thatcher interlude was an anomaly. And you need a robust government if you want all these things—who else is going to keep out the foreigners, protect industry, and maintain the status quo?

Society needs a party like this; it ensures that we don't jump willy-nilly into every new fashion. In every society that has at least two sides you will find that one of them is conservative. Britain already has a party like this, and a heritage worth conserving.

What's not clear is where Labour stands. It is a party in flux because its founding clan and *raison d'être*—the industrial working class—is emigrating to places like South Korea. It

Michael Gonzalez is deputy editorial page editor of the Wall Street Journal Europe.

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Newscom / Frank Barrett

Iain Duncan Smith (left) and Tony Blair: Which is America's best friend?

could become Britain's Liberal party, especially since the party that currently rents that name no longer has a claim to it. Or, it could be hijacked again by a bunch of loonies who would take it into granola-crunching defeatism and a self-evidently empty multiculturalism.

But there's no there there. Even in increasingly poorly educated societies such as ours, where politicians selling anti-capitalist pap can have some success with well-intentioned but vacuous youths, these parties can rarely get enough votes to form even a coalition government. There are only so many teachers, "artists," and journalists, and they're not enough to keep such mush afloat. Labour party leaders have been smarter for the past five years, and it's a good bet they will continue to be so for some time to come.

So far, they seem to want to take the party down the road of classical liberalism as much as British society will allow. True, Chancellor Brown hasn't ruled out tax hikes to get the awful National Health Service in working order, but the Tories also say fixing the service is their priority. As for the rest, it is notable that among the current batch of world leaders, Blair was the most outspoken critic of the anti-globalization demonstrators who sought to put the kibosh on free trade. (And especially so, when such a brilliant Tory philosopher as Roger Scruton sympathized with the demonstrators. "I may not agree with everything they say, but I see where they're coming from," said another Tory friend to me regarding the protesters.)

And while the Tories were running a losing campaign on stopping asylum-seekers, the Labour government was looking the other way as the foreigners arrived, even though it is Labour voters who will be squeezed by the competition these newcomers bring. Last, it is the Labour party that has taken a stand on meritocracy, at both ends. Not only has it moved against the House of Lords—though admittedly it has botched the job—but it has also moved away from the traditional Labour emphasis on racial quotas and welfare.

The losing side—so far—in the struggle for the Labour leadership has understood how corrosive this emphasis on meritocracy is to socialism. This is why it has earned Blair & Co. the wrath of the guardians of the party's left, such as Roy Hattersley. As Michael Young put it in the *Guardian*, intelligence and diligence are inherited, so "being a member of the lucky sperm club confers no moral right to advantage."

Now, which party do you think would in time become the natural ally of the United States, a country of immigrants that relies on trade and where birth is very secondary to talent—"a country where people who do well don't have questions asked about their accent, their class, their beginnings," as Blair, incidentally, put it at the Labour party's Brighton conference? Blair's support for the U.S. cause in the war is a direct result of where he is trying to take his party, not a ruse to mislead some benighted Americans.

On this last point, I would say the case has been rather the opposite so far. Bereft of support at home, Conservative leaders have recently all too often run to American conservatives for succor. Just last week, the new Tory leader Iain Duncan Smith took a victory lap in Washington and New York, rubbing elbows with conservatives, publishing an op-ed in the *Washington Times*, speaking at the American Enterprise Institute.

But this may be a last gasp rather than the start of a beautiful relationship. Smith is very pro-U.S. and made all the right noises, but forces militate against him. Tory leaders henceforth will have to cultivate ties nearer to home, and when they look closer they may realize that their philosophy and that of the United States lead in very different directions. ♦

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The Best Stimulus Is No Stimulus

Why Congress is unlikely to help the American economy. BY STEPHEN MOORE

ON WEDNESDAY, November 28, two days after the U.S. economy was officially declared to be in recession, George W. Bush issued an impassioned and persuasive plea to Congress to send him "a significant package of tax cuts" that he could sign into law by Christmas. It was a terrific speech. Bush demanded acceleration of income tax rate cuts, and justifiably sniped at Democrats for larding their version of a stimulus bill with tens of billions of dollars of special interest pork. Better late than never. Unfortunately, the 2001 economic stimulus bill may no longer be salvageable.

To salvage it, Bush must expend some of his vast storehouse of political capital to insist that a stimulus plan contain income tax cuts and capital gains tax relief. Without those items, a Bush-Daschle negotiated settlement would be worse than no stimulus bill at all. Pro-growth Republicans would be better off tarring the Democratic stimulus plan with ridicule, scrapping the bipartisan process altogether, and drafting a genuine economic growth package early next year if business conditions and the financial markets don't improve on their own.

Certainly, the death of the tax cut stimulus bill would be a blow to the U.S. economy. The nation's business climate is the worst it's been since Bush Sr. was president. The U.S. economy has plunged from a virtuous 3 to 4 percent real growth rate from 1995-2000 into negative territory this year. Roughly $300 billion in output has been irretrievably lost due to this recession. More than 2 million jobs have disappeared since the start of the year (that's more than the entire workforce of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont), with half of those losses in the higher-paying manufacturing sector, and 400,000 jobs lost since September 11. Perhaps the most devastating indicator of the U.S. economy's ills is that Americans have surrendered nearly $5 trillion in wealth in stock market losses over the past 20 months.

In short, the economy could sure use a supply-side tax reduction stimulus bill right about now—a bill aimed at encouraging investment, capital spending, and business hiring. The Reagan model of economic recovery should have been the template for President Bush. In the early 1980s, when the country was at the height of the Cold War and in the throes of a mini-depression—a much deeper contraction than what we now face—Reagan enacted a major defense build-up and a tax cut five times larger than the current stimulus bill. The combination of those policies incited ridicule from the economics profession and most pundits in Washington, but it helped launch the 18-year expansion that just recently came to an end. Now as then, a big supply-side tax cut is the best way to rebuild the U.S. economy and finance the war effort through increased American productive capacity.

And just to put the current economic stimulus debate in its proper context, the Reagan tax cut was about eight times larger than the Democratic tax cut and four times larger than even what the Republicans have proposed as anti-recession tonic this year. Size does matter.

In fairness to George W. Bush, he is up against a Democratic opposition in Congress that is arguably the most hostile to market-based economic growth policies that any president has ever confronted. The Democratic stimulus bill is almost laughable in its ineptitude: It would give $9 billion in subsidies to Amtrak; $5 billion for earmarked highway projects (we just passed the most expensive road bill in history two years ago); $10 million to Montana bison producers (Senate Finance Committee chairman Max Baucus is from Montana); $200 million for eggplant, cauliflower, and pumpkin growers; and millions more for the supposedly beleaguered movie industry and for a handful of American Indian tribes.

Meanwhile, most of the rest of the $73 billion bill would finance tax rebate checks to some 10 million Americans who didn't qualify for rebate checks back in August. Why didn't they qualify? Because they didn't pay any income taxes. To call the Democratic spending bill a financial stimulus, quips former Reagan economist Arthur Laffer, "is not just bad economics, it is a mangling of the English language."

The Democrats have essentially adopted the Japanese model of economic recovery—throw tens of billions of dollars year after year into inane public works projects, and then watch the economy tank. Japan has increased its government sector spending and national debt twice as fast as any other industrialized nation over the past decade, and its economy is now wallowing in its eleventh year of depression. This is the model for the United States? What crackpot policies could possibly come next from the Democrats? An Argentinian-style call to devalue the U.S. currency?

Even the Republican stimulus plan is a mild disappointment. It's the equivalent of sticking on a hand of 17 in blackjack. To be sure, the House Republican bill has some positive attributes: a small cut in the capital

Stephen Moore is president of the Club for Growth.

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gains tax to promote investment, elimination of the horrendously complicated corporate alternative tax, and a three-year incentive for business capital investment spending. But the House bill is too temporary (75 percent of the cuts would expire after two years), and is too respectful of the Left's class-warfare arguments—for example, it reduces the lowest income tax rates, but not the most economically destructive highest tax rates—to accelerate short-term growth. Worst of all, the House Republican bill reads as if it were drafted by a horde of K Street corporate lobbyists (which, to some extent, it was). The press has had a field day lampooning the $10 billion in tax rebates to corporate America. Tax rebates are always the worst way to cut taxes because you can't change behavior that has already happened.

So we are left with a barely acceptable Republican bill that is surely the high-water mark in this debate. As House majority leader Dick Armey has said, "When we start negotiating with Daschle in the Senate, the stimulus bill is only going to get much worse, not better." He's right. The negotiations will likely produce a package of unappetizing, mushy oatmeal: tax rebates, federal spending measures, and a smattering of temporary business tax breaks. Tom Daschle and Dick Gephardt have already announced they can't swallow income tax rate cuts "for the rich" or capital gains relief, and those are arguably the two most stimulative tax cut options.

George W. Bush's economists have warned him that walking away from a stimulus deal is a non-option because the financial markets have already favorably discounted the passage of this bill. I beg to differ. What bill, exactly, are the markets anticipating with such eagerness? And why would investors bid up asset prices in expectation of a stimulus bill that offers almost no economic steroids?

The downside risk of accepting a bad bipartisan deal is substantial. A Bush-Daschle negotiated settlement will, at best, marginally improve economic conditions. More likely, it won't provide any tangible bounce. And that outcome would be worst of all for pro-growth Republicans because it would only discredit the advisability of tax cutting in the future. Democrats have already memorized the anti-tax cut script for 2002: Last year we cut taxes twice and the economy didn't improve, so why try it again? The problem is, there haven't been any tax rate cuts to speak of yet.

One final point. The whole idea of a "temporary stimulus bill" was always a misguided demand-side Keynesian concept. It is not the role of Congress to micromanage the economy, and we have 40 years of evidence that lawmakers aren't very proficient at it when they try. The goal of pro-growth Republicans should be to advance economic policies that are consistent with long-term, non-inflationary economic growth. Almost every starting premise of the stimulus bill is inconsistent with long-term growth policies. It is permanent, not temporary, tax cuts that raise productivity rates and economic production. It is saving, capital investment, and risk-taking that accelerates growth rates, not people rushing off to Wal-Mart or Toys "R" Us armed with their credit cards. Government spending financed by higher taxes or higher levels of debt doesn't stimulate new economic activity, it crowds out growth-enhancing private activity. Each of these principles is anathema to the leaders of the modern day Democratic party.

President Bush will never get the left wing of the Democratic party to agree to a stimulus plan that stimulates anything but government. He should stop trying. ♦

From Russia (to Iran) with Love

Nuclear proliferation will be the real test of Putin's friendship. BY ELI J. LAKE

As Secretary of State Colin Powell makes his way to Moscow this week, he will no doubt seek to follow up on issues discussed at the Bush-Putin summit last month in Crawford, Texas. High on the agenda will be nuclear proliferation to and by Iran. The Bush administration is developing a deal under which Moscow, in exchange for severing its overt and covert nuclear ties to Tehran, would receive lucrative contracts to store and dispose of spent nuclear fuel from U.S. allies.

The Russians will take some persuading before they agree to go along with this. The day after the Crawford meetings ended, they sent key components of a light-water nuclear reactor from St. Petersburg to Bushehr, on Iran's Gulf coast. There, a nuclear plant under construction but nearly destroyed in the Iran-Iraq war of the 1980s is being rebuilt. In 1995, President Boris Yeltsin decided to assist in the project. Its purpose, according to Moscow, is simple power generation—whereas U.S. officials believe it is a cover for the acquisition of nuclear weapons and the re-export of nuclear know-how.

The Russians maintain they are doing nothing wrong. They note that the Bushehr site is monitored by the International Atomic Energy Agency. "We have extensive communication with the U.S. side on the issue of nuclear plant in Iran, and the project is going forward under tight monitor-

Eli J. Lake is the State Department correspondent for United Press International.

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AP / Wide World Photos / Yuri Kadobnov

Presidents Putin and Khatami, March 12, 2001.

ing," said Yuri Zubarev, a spokesman for the Russian embassy in Washington, Tuesday.

But the administration doesn't buy this. Some wonder why a major oil exporter would want a nuclear power plant in the first place, and if it did, why it would seek advice from the people who brought us Chernobyl. "The fact is [the Iranians] are pursuing things in cooperation with the Russians and others that are inconsistent with a nuclear power program," said a senior State Department official in an interview last month. "Russian cooperation is a significant accelerator of the Iranian process for acquiring nuclear weapons."

The latest unclassified CIA report to Congress on the topic, dated December 2000, says, "The expertise and technology gained, along with the commercial channels and contacts established—particularly through the Bushehr nuclear power plant project—could be used to advance Iran's nuclear weapons research." And in the December 3 *New Yorker*, Seymour Hersh quotes intelligence officials as saying that covert bomb-making efforts are underway at the Sharif University of Technology in Tehran.

Now the diplomats, in the words of one senior State Department official, are "trying to build the carrot" Washington will need to induce Moscow to abandon its policy. In addition to rescheduling Russian debts and sharing U.S. nuclear technology with Moscow, the State Department is considering signing a "Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy Agreement" with Russia. The United States already has such agreements with countries like Japan and France. The new one would allow the export to Russia of spent fuel from nuclear reactors in South Korea, Taiwan, and other U.S. allies.

The resulting contracts for Russian firms could be far more profitable than the current over-the-table take from the Bushehr project, estimated at between $500 million and $1 billion. Robert Newman, president of the Non-Proliferation Trust Inc., a private American company that raises money for nuclear waste disposal in Russia, has proposed a plan to the Bush administration whereby the Russians would receive $11 billion in contracts to store the spent fuel, after Newman's group received an initial $4 billion to get the process going and to start other nuclear cleanup projects in the former Soviet Union. The $11 billion would come largely from utility ratepayers in the countries that sent their nuclear waste to Russia.

The managing trustees of the Non-Proliferation Trust include former FBI and CIA director William Webster and the Natural Resources Defense Council's chief nuclear advocate, Thomas Cochran. The group already has exclusive agreements with Alaska Interstate Construction, Duke Engineering & Services, the German company Gesellschaft für Nuklear-Behälter mbH, and Halter Marine Group to handle the cleanup projects if and when Washington lets allies ship spent fuel to Russia. NPT Inc. even has an agreement with the Sandia Corporation, the Lockheed-owned company that runs the Sandia labs in New Mexico, to "perform geologic repository and transportation studies in Russia," according to Newman's literature.

Leading up to the Crawford summit in November, Newman held a series of meetings with non-proliferation experts and Russian specialists from the NSC, the State Department, and the Department of Energy. Newman's pitch was bolstered by developments in Moscow last summer: In July, the Duma reversed the post-Soviet ban on importing spent nuclear fuel, thus removing a major legal hurdle for Newman and his firm. "There was a general agreement that this was a very good concept," he told me Wednesday. The participants "said they would be willing to form an interagency task force to look at and study the concept of spent fuel and exporting it to Russia."

But U.S. officials are not wedded to working through Newman's firm. "There are a number of ways to do this," one U.S. official said Wednesday. "There are other vendors trying to do spent fuel storage." This official said that if anything, Newman's plan complicates the carefully prepared U.S. "carrot" for Moscow because it includes unrelated projects the Russians may want to keep for themselves, such as decontaminating a lake near an old Soviet atomic weapons factory.

While the State Department hasn't made the Russians a formal offer linking an end to Moscow's nuclear connection with Iran to the disposal of spent fuel in Russia, the administration has floated the idea in numerous meetings. "We've presented this at the senior levels and let them know we'd like to do this," one official says. Powell will be "highlighting and previewing this approach" on his trip to Moscow.

Whether the Russians bite may affect the speed with which Iran, a longstanding sponsor of terrorist groups, gets nukes. It will also indicate what sort of partner President Putin means to be in America's new war. ♦

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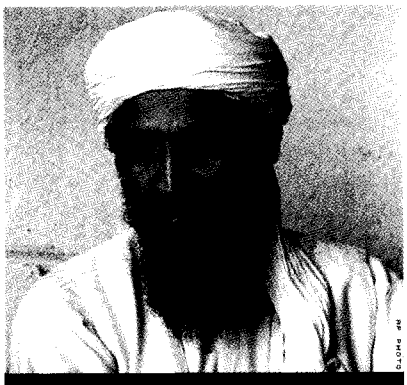

Enemy

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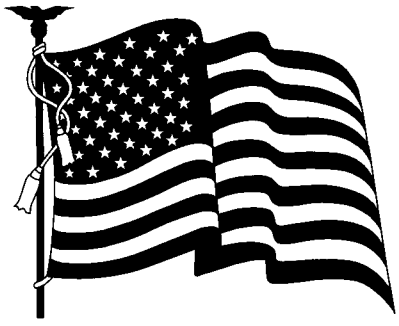

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'The Illogic of Biological Warfare'

My reverent doctor friend took me to hear Hippocrates speak. I knew, of course, all doctors take an oath to him as to obligations and proper conduct.

This same friend was concerned with the propagation of his faith. So is any Protestant, Catholic, Jew, Muslim, Buddhist or anyone else having a God in whom to believe.

The legendary man of medicine began his talk, "Sisters, brothers, what sense is there to us, or anyone like us, to use disease to kill? From the beginning, we've fought against that curse. We persevere with God given energy."

The audience applauded Hippocrates, who continued, "Evil heads of rogue states who employ biological warfare bite the hands of their people who feed them."

"How do you mean?" someone called out.

"The nation that's a victim to such an onslaught seeks revenge," Hippocrates answered. "It reacts in kind. The rogue state's population is decimated. Who's left to fight for it?"

"Tell us, please."

"A rogue is out to kill. Horrible as is the thought, the villain had better have used an atom or hydrogen bomb. Why? To get it done quickly. Why again? Because there's hardly a living soul who hasn't anguished over the lingering illness of a loved one. Terrible to have to say, disease is not a popular killer. A bomb is more charitable. It's quicker."

"Good, God, save us!" a distraught listener cried out.

"That's just it," Hippocrates responded. "Anyone's God is everyone's only hope. Any people's God is interested in the propagation of their faith in him. The rogue leader of the rogue state, dabbling in germ warfare is going to see millions of that God's faithful fall sick and die in revenge. Will the people in that rogue state desert their God, see his tribe decrease and let him fall? Not likely. They'll rise against their leader."

"What about doctors?" one of them cried out.

"Only this," Hippocrates replied. "The rogue leader who wages biological warfare has, for his sworn enemy, every doctor on planet earth. The rogue and his germ are the enemy. Any doctor, sworn to the Hippocratic oath, desperately searches for some antibiotic. They discover one. It will make everyone immune against the rogue's lethal germ that until then would kill anyone."

"That's it, then," another voice exclaimed.

"Just this much more," Hippocrates continued. "If everyone's God and that God's every doctor stand together united, every drug store in the world will fill out an immune prescription. The rogue leader and the rogue state will be excluded and left to die in pain from the fatal infection they brought upon themselves."

"So, there's still some hope?" several voices called out in unison.

"Yes," answered Hippocrates, "Where there's still life, there's always that, thanks to the God whom we choose to watch over each one of us."

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A Psychiatrist Looks at Terrorism

There's only one way to stop fanatical behavior.

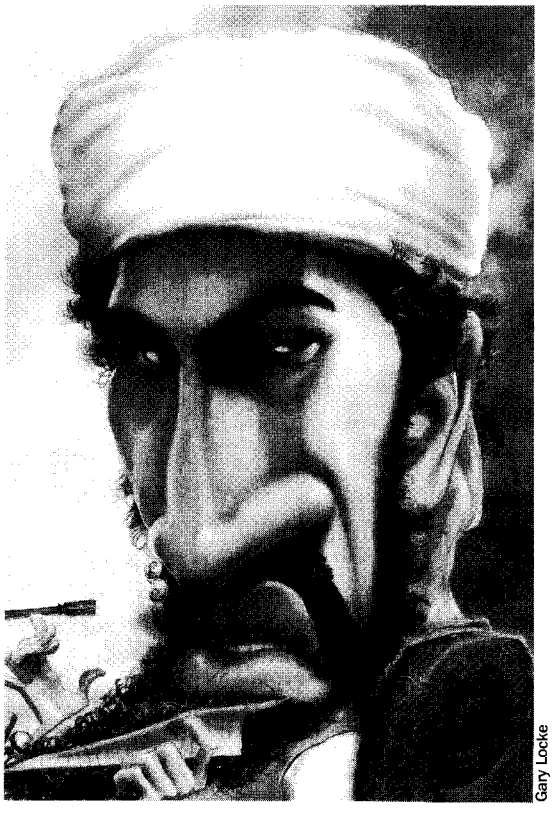
By Paul R. McHugh

In the wake of September 11, what can a psychiatrist contribute to America's defense? Nothing, of course, to defend the nation from bombs, but something perhaps to defend it against confusion—and here America certainly needs help.

At the University of Pennsylvania, the provost called several neuroscientists together to consider whether the terrorists should be viewed as bad or mad: evildoers or sufferers from an exculpating mental disease. The group reached no conclusion, but one participant thought "brain images" might give the answer.

Editorialists argued about whether the atrocities should be considered acts of war or crimes. The blame-America-first group wanted the events called crimes and proposed prosecutions at the Hague. Some even opposed military retaliation, concerned that it would kill innocent people, produce martyrs, and generate recruits to the terrorist cause, along with endless war.

One distinguished Boston psychiatrist, speaking to anchorman Peter Jennings on ABC, explained the emotional distress of Americans as castration anxiety provoked by seeing the destruction of these two "phallic symbols" on the tip of Manhattan and suggested more psychoanalytic insight for us all.



Gary Locke

Against this backdrop, there may be a place for some psychological realism—about what terrorists do, how they think, the steps necessary to protect ourselves from them, and the price those steps are likely to exact from us. The observations that follow spring from long clinical experience with similar matters. The layman should judge them by the light of common sense and what he knows about the ways of the world. Where these insights overlap with and reinforce ideas from other relevant sources—diplomatic, legal, economic, military—they may enhance confidence in the course of action we must take.

A realist can begin by rejecting the castration-anxiety idea—even though it provided the only humor in the whole affair. Americans felt emotional distress not because the towers of the World Trade Center were longer than they were wide, but because witnessing the cruel deaths of so many of our fellow citizens—horribly killed as they went about their daily lives, unsuspecting and unprotected—naturally provokes grief, anger, and fear. The brutal, indiscriminate slaughter of thousands of people in an instant, along with the sight of their bodies dropping like debris from dizzying heights, should produce pity, grief, rage in anyone with an ounce of fellow-feeling.

Next, having rejected a far-fetched theory, the prag-

Paul R. McHugh is University Distinguished Service Professor of Psychiatry and Behavioral Science at the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine and former psychiatrist-in-chief of the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

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matic behavioral scientist sets aside for the time being questions about whether the actions at issue were mad or bad, crimes or acts of war, and examines the phenomenon of terrorism itself. The hijacking of airplanes and the piloting of them as missiles into large buildings, he notes, the deliberate targeting of civilians with the aim of producing fear, dread, and their political profits, is purposeful action. It is behavior.

Terrorist behavior is different from behavior such as eating, drinking, or sex in that it springs not from any innate drive or instinctive motive, but from a set of assumptions, attitudes, and beliefs that the actors have taken from their culture and share with many others. In contrast to their fellow citizens, however, these actors bring a ferocious passion to these ideas, a passion that leads them to ignore all other considerations such as personal safety, humane feelings, compromise, or temporizing alternatives.

In everyday speech, we call such people "fanatics." Psychiatrists, however, have their own, less loaded term. They say that people with this passionate attitude have an "overvalued idea." This conceptual distinction in mental life was first made by the late-19th-century German psychiatrist Carl Wernicke.

In everyday speech we call them "fanatics." Psychiatrists say that people with this passionate attitude have an "overvalued idea."

An overvalued idea is a thought shared with others in a society or culture but in the patient held with an intense emotional commitment capable of provoking dominant behaviors in its service. An overvalued idea differs from a delusion in that delusions are false ideas unique to the possessor, whereas overvalued ideas develop from assumptions and beliefs shared by many others. An overvalued idea differs, too, from an obsession in that, although it dominates the mind as an obsession does, the subject does not fight an overvalued idea but instead relishes, amplifies, and defends it. Indeed the idea fulminates in the mind of the subject, growing more dominant over time, more refined, and more resistant to challenge.

The major contemporary clinical disorder prompted by an overvalued idea is anorexia nervosa. Patients suffering from this illness take an idea common among young women in our society—thinner is better—and amplify it into a commitment so dominant that they starve themselves. At first an anorexic may claim that she is no different from any woman "thinking thin." As she persists with a worrisome starvation diet, she may justify eating only low fat salads as her way to "health." All therapeutic attempts to correct the behavior by dissuading her of this idea or uncovering its root cause fail, because the overvalued idea—one cannot be too thin—resists logical argument and compromise. Only stopping the behavior—which may require bringing the patient under 24 hour supervision—can lead the anorexic to recover.

But overvalued ideas also crop up outside the clinical setting. Two recent examples of individuals with overvalued ideas are the Unabomber and Jack Kevorkian. The Unabomber, preoccupied with what he saw as the materialism and destructive reliance on technology of our society, carried out vicious and cowardly letter bomb assaults against many defenseless people he associated with these enterprises. When his rambling, expansive, and tedious explanations were published in the *Washington Post*, many readers reported that they agreed with much of what he said.

Jack Kevorkian, despite killing scores of sick, emotionally vulnerable people in Michigan, persuaded several juries that his ideas about assisted suicide were well intended, even though contrary to law. Juries repeatedly freed him, until his indiscriminate killing and disdain for the courts became too much to stomach. Kevorkian and the Unabomber now sit in jail because only incarceration could keep them from continuing their violence. Neither of them is mad in the sense of being out of contact with reality, but both of them are bad because of their vile opinions and vicious behavior. Their "brain images" would make no difference to such judgments.

Three historical figures with overvalued ideas are Adolf Hitler with his anti-Semitism, Carry Nation with her excessive devotion to temperance, and John Brown the abolitionist. Note that an overvalued idea may not in itself be wrong. Enough people agreed with Carry Nation to pass the 18th Amendment; and all now agree with John Brown that slavery is evil, even though they deplore his assaults on defenseless farmers in Kansas and his killing spree at Harpers Ferry.

Overvalued ideas develop as ruling passions in some vulnerable individuals. Anorexics tend to be introverted young women, impressionable and easily conditioned by criticism of their physical appearance. The Unabomber, Jack Kevorkian, and the World Trade Center terrorists also tended to a personality type, arrogant and over-confident, suspicious of others, lacking in warmth, and tediously argumentative, shifting their ground to justify their fixed opinions when faced with strong objections. Cold, paranoid, and aggressive are terms that describe them. All efforts to correct the behavior of such people by address-

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ing its "root causes" will fail because those "causes" are not actually motivating these people's behavior—their passions are.

Defining the September 11 attacks as behavior and the terrorists as men driven by the overvalued idea that America is a satanic nation whose citizens deserve death has implications for ways of defeating them. Here, recent psychiatric experience in treating behavior disorders can help.

Before about 1975, psychiatrists treating patients with destructive behaviors such as anorexia, alcoholism, and sexual disorders believed that one should first find the psychological roots of these behaviors by uncovering their meaning in the patient's mental conflicts. They thought that if these meaningful conflicts could be resolved, the abnormal behavior would wither away. This approach failed. Treatment programs for anorexia, for example, that ignored the failure to eat while attending to its meaning had death rates of between 10 percent and 15 percent of their patients. Alcoholics continued to drink, sex offenders to offend, even while their psychiatrists claimed to be reaching an understanding of their problems.

These results eventually caused doctors to try treatments that directly interrupted the harmful behavior. Anorexics were brought under dietary supervision, alcoholics were detoxified and sent to clinics implementing the 12 step program of Alcoholics Anonymous, and sex offenders were given testosterone-suppressing medications and vigorous group therapy concentrated on discrediting their activities and their justifications. These treatments worked far better: Many more anorexics, alcoholics, and sex offenders recovered.

This experience taught psychiatrists that behavior, once begun, maintains itself. Anorexics like to see their weight and dress size steadily shrink. Alcoholics, drug addicts, and sex offenders get immediate pleasurable reinforcement to continue their activities.

The same is true of terrorists: Their behavior is maintained by its consequences, especially the publicity that draws attention to the terrorist and his ideas. The Unabomber hated to be pushed off center stage by Timothy McVeigh and so killed two more people right after the Oklahoma City bombing. Jack Kevorkian started videotaping his killings for CBS TV when Michigan ceased bringing him to court. Although the September 11 terrorists died in their assault, they were sure of worldwide publicity for their actions and their views. Their success brought dancing to the streets in certain Muslim cities and recruits to their war against America—far more recruits than any "root cause" of terrorism, such as poverty or anger at Israel, had brought.

By implication, then, to stop terrorism, the American government should devote its energies to interrupting the terrorists' behavior in all its aspects. The government should use every reasonable method to apprehend individuals who could carry out terrorist actions. It should protect vulnerable sites and situations. And most crucially, it should alter the consequences of the September 11 assault: To our injuries it should promptly add injuries to those responsible for the attack.

This policy should be judged simply and tough-mindedly by its success in preventing more terrorist behavior. Preventing terrorist events must be our prime aim, not just because each atrocity is an evil in itself, but also because terrorism, like every other behavior, grows with its performance. To accommodate ourselves to it as a "fact of life" is to sustain it.

Terrorism, like every other behavior, grows with its performance. To accommodate ourselves to it as a "fact of life" is to sustain it.

Our government can ignore certain matters for the moment. We should not expend much energy unearthing the "preconditions" for terrorism or pay credence to the justifying explanations offered by spokesmen for terrorists, no matter how reasonable they may seem. In truth, there are as many reasons offered for terrorism as there are terrorists—just as Alcoholics Anonymous has learned that there are as many reasons offered for drinking as there are drunks.

Stop the behavior first, and then, once peace is restored, we can deal with underlying issues. We will very likely find that many of the justifications now offered for terrorism were only rationalizations intended to excuse it. But we need not waste our energies trying to change the opinions of terrorists about us and our aims. These people, like the Unabomber and Jack Kevorkian, have overvalued ideas that are inaccessible to argument and persuasion. Their behavior will continue unless they are captured or killed.

Whether we call the terrorists' atrocities acts of war or crimes should be determined by one thing: which term best helps us stop the behavior. It seems more likely that we can keep terrorists from striking again if we treat them as soldiers captured committing acts of war on a battlefield of their own devising than if we treat them as individuals indicted for crimes and innocent until proven guilty. The IRA terrorists and sympathizers confined to the Maze

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prison at Long Kesh in Northern Ireland demanded the status of soldier-prisoners rather than criminal-prisoners. Certainly our laws can accommodate their Muslim counterparts.

Finally, what of the concern that military action will generate martyrs, draw recruits to the terrorists' cause, and produce endless conflict? Psychiatrists are familiar with this worry. It crops up whenever they propose a treatment aimed at interrupting a behavior. Patients and relatives all see and object to the intrusion on the patient's autonomy—such as the demand that the anorexic stay in a hospital so that her eating can be supervised or the requirement that the sex offender take libido-reducing medications. They wonder whether this will only cause patients to "dig in their heels" or "lose self-esteem." They propose that the psychiatrist should discover and resolve some meaningful conflict behind the behavior and so spare the patient a distressing treatment. Psychiatrists must explain to patients and their families that every effort to interrupt or change behavior elicits short-term losses, which are the price of recovery. Clinicians must weigh the inevitable short-term losses against the potential long-term gains.

Sometimes the likely losses are excessive. The classic illustration is stopping a lynch mob. One had best not attempt this alone, as the short-term cost to oneself could be terminal. Better to bring an army to stop a mob. Then, after order is restored and the hard feelings that are the short-term cost of preventing the crowd from working its will have dissipated, work to end the ideas and attitudes that support lynching.

In America's effort to interrupt the behavior of terrorists, many of whom are nestled in our country, the government may need laws that temporarily reduce civil liberties. We may have to go on a war footing, with special authority turned over temporarily to the military. We may have to sacrifice privileges in travel and tax relief. Discussion and careful judgments should aim to minimize and justify these losses. All such measures should be reassessed regularly. But they should be understood as the inevitable short-term costs of interrupting terrorist behavior.

The same sort of reasoning applies to our dealings with other countries. We have spent decades building up certain political and diplomatic relationships during peacetime. Some of these relationships will be damaged as we vigorously bring war to terrorists and their sympathizers and demand help from those who would call us friends. Again, we should consider what immediate losses might be irreparable and avoid actions that produce them. A nuclear winter would obviously be an unacceptable short-term cost. An increase in the vociferous complaining about America on Arab TV, however, can be expected and tolerated.

Some short-term costs deserve extensive discussion, informed by the concerns of diplomats, economists, lawyers, and others, before they are accepted or rejected. Psychiatrists have little to contribute to these proceedings other than to point out that the criterion for judging a policy is clear: If terrorist behavior continues, then—given that each successful attack makes subsequent attacks more likely—efforts to stop it should be enhanced, even though short-term losses will increase.

When we prevail in stopping terrorist behavior, we will likely discover much support for us in the oppressed Muslim world, support now hidden by the clamor for war. We can be sure that most Muslim mothers and fathers do not want their children lured to violent deaths in the name of some wild, overvalued idea promoted by charismatic tyrants whose own sons never get sent on suicide missions. Freedom will be welcomed once the majority can speak openly. We already see this in Afghanistan. The short-term losses of the bombing phase have been overcome by the joy of long-term release from the Taliban.

In sum, a realistic, pragmatic psychiatric depiction of terrorism—one that avoids dubious theories about meaning, as well as wishful thinking about how to manage it—can dispel confusion and offer a context for the understandings contributed by other disciplines. Thus, the proposals advanced here about managing terrorism fit with the idea of proceeding with a just war.

This approach allows us to assure our critics that, even as we know short-term losses to be inevitable when behavior must be changed, we also presume that many of the losses will be repaired by the long-term gains of success. All can agree that force and destruction are not enough for a sustained peace. Eventually we must repair some of what is damaged and develop our understanding of the grievances and concerns of our adversaries. To any who doubt our capacity to use more than force to gain a long-term peace, we can offer the historical instances of American magnanimity and devoted efforts at rebuilding where we had conquered, as after the Civil War and the two world wars of the 20th century.

We are a forgiving people, but now, at the start of the first war of the 21st century, is the time for action—action directed by a coherent view of our adversaries and of what they are trying to do to us. Churchill defined these matters better than any psychiatrist. "Our aim," he said, ". . . is victory, victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror, victory, however long and hard the road may be; for without victory, there is no survival." ♦

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After Pearl Harbor

None of today's self-doubting gloominess troubled America as it entered World War II.

By David Brooks

"We are going into this war lightly," I.F. Stone wrote in the *Nation* on December 8, 1941. The editors of *Life* magazine agreed. "Americans took the news, good and bad, with admirable serenity," they wrote in their first post-Pearl Harbor edition. And it's true.

If you look through American magazines and newspapers in the weeks following the Japanese attack that launched the Second World War you feel like you are looking at a nation that is mainlining Prozac. There is very little of the sense of horror and drama that overtook this same country sixty years later after September 11, 2001. Americans at the start of World War II did not appear emotionally wounded the way they did after the attack on the World Trade Center. There are no articles in which people described where they were when they heard the news or how they felt. There are no accounts of people crying or hugging each other for support. Instead, the dominant mood is one of relentless cheerfulness.

More then than now, life went on as before. Almost nobody canceled basketball games or hockey games in December 1941, though most major sports took a week off after this year's tragedy. The baseball owners' meetings in Chicago on December 8, 1941 went on as scheduled, with the Chicago Cubs acquiring a catcher. Indeed, the *Hollywood Reporter* described a December 7 amateur baseball game between the team from Paramount Studios and the L.A. Nippons, a team of Japanese Americans. News of the Pearl Harbor attack came over the radio during the third inning. The players paused for a minute before resuming the game that Paramount went on to win 6-3. In New York a radio announcer broke into the regular broadcast, "Japanese bombs have fallen on Hawaii and the Philippine Islands. Keep tuned to this station for further details. We now return you to the Polo Grounds" for the New York Giants game.

In Dallas, 2,500 people had just finished watching *Sergeant York* starring Gary Cooper at the Majestic Theater when news of Pearl Harbor was announced. "There was a pause, a pin-point of silence, a prolonged sigh, then thundering applause," *Time* magazine reported.

Christmas celebrations went on as planned. On December 9, the *Boston Globe* ran a story—headlined "New England Toilet Goods Ass'n and Guests Enjoy Christmas Party"—reporting on festivities held at the Parker House the evening after the attack. "A splendid floor show and general dancing were enjoyed," the *Globe* noted. The society columns carried on pretty much as before. The *Globe* reported comings and goings at the December 8 Women's Civic Federation's lecture on the arts: "Mrs. Charles Miles (Jean Carpenter) adding a bright note with her fetching red quilted blouse . . . Mrs. Leland Powers, a gay red hat above her checked black and white suit." In New York, the gossip columns noted that Joe DiMaggio and Franchot Tone had dined at Sardi's. Like most of his peers, Walter Winchell didn't mention international events in his first wartime column. There was no thought of canceling the White House Christmas Tree festivities in 1941.

The newspapers ran mammoth headlines atop each day's front page edition, updating readers on the momentous events, but there was also room for front-page levity. "Jap Ambassador Buys Drawers," was the headline above a *Washington Post* story about an attaché from the embassy who went shopping for underwear just after Pearl Harbor.

There were some similarities between the American responses to December 7 and September 11. Flags flew everywhere after both events. There was an overwhelming sense of national unity, with the same sort

David Brooks is a senior editor at The Weekly Standard.

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"Babes on Broadway": Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney

of United We Stand posters. But in other respects things were different. American culture really has changed, and you can measure some of the changes by comparing the media then and now.

One searches for reasons why Americans responded so cheerfully to the disaster of 1941 and so, well, melodramatically to the disaster of 2001. One explanation has to do with technology. It's very different to hear of an attack over the radio or read about it in the newspaper—and to watch images of planes crashing into the World Trade Center again and again on television. *Life* magazine did publish photographs of the dead at Pearl Harbor—some of the pictures were graphic, including corpses lying about in the morgue—but these didn't come out until three weeks after the attack.

Other explanations for the different responses are unrelated to technology. In the first place, in 1941, after a decade of economic depression, Americans were co-religionists in a cult of peppiness. Popular culture and popular conversation were relentlessly upbeat. The hit movies in 1941 were sugary effusions such as *Babes on Broadway* with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland dancing up a storm. A Bob Hope musical comedy called *Louisiana Purchase* opened in December 1941, featuring lines of bathing suit-clad beauties and songs with such titles as "Everybody Dance" and "It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow." On Broadway itself, George Abbott's *Best Foot Forward* featured dozens of 18-year-olds prancing and singing and cavorting.

Everybody had a patriotic duty, it seems, to be optimistic. Being happy was a sign of success. It wasn't yet cool to be thoughtfully gloomy or alienated. The *New Yorker* didn't allow the disaster at Pearl Harbor to interrupt its light, charming patter. The Talk of the Town pieces stuck to their normal mood, but with a war twist—cute things private school boys said during air-raid drills, the thrill society matrons felt at being air-raid wardens. The first movies that came out about the war were military comedies such as *You're In the Army Now* and *Tanks a Million*. These were slapstick baubles starring such comedians as Jimmy Durante and Phil Silvers recycling the clichéd jokes of training camp life: The drill sergeant gets splashed by the private driving through a mud hole and sends him to peel potatoes. The hero falls for the pretty daughter of the camp commandant who catches them in an after-curfew clinch.

There was a bigger difference then between highbrow magazines and mass market magazines. The highbrow magazines were much more critical and downbeat. An editorial in the *New Republic* thundered, "The real sin at Pearl Harbor was a sin of which all America was guilty: the sin of complacence, overconfidence, inertia, the reluctance to abandon our soft and easy way of life." But at the bigger magazines, a tone of relentless boosterism prevailed. Whatever American feature they described was inevitably marvelous. "The Pennsylvania Turnpike, winding its way through beautiful hill country, is perhaps America's most magnificent motor highway," *Life* enthused in December 1941. "And at convenient intervals are the attractive, colonial Howard Johnson restaurants where tired motorists can stop for a bit of relaxation and hearty refreshment."

This World's Fair prose style carried over into descriptions of our military leaders and equipment. Each weapon was invariably described as the most formidable of its kind. Texaco ran a series of advertisements describing life on U.S. warships: "Soda fountains aboard modern cruisers and battlewagons are a part of the up to date equipment. . . . Regular U.S. mail boxes are located in several parts of the ship."

But there was also something deeper and more inspiring than all the Dale Carnegie bonhomie. Americans after Pearl Harbor seemed to feel sud-

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denly fulfilled, as if a great burden had been taken from their shoulders, the burden of inactivity, the anxiety that America had been shirking its global responsibilities.

Americans did not by and large believe that the war had started on December 7, 1941. In their minds, if the press of the period is any indication, the war had started in 1939. In December 1941, some newspapers were already carrying regular updates of the conflict such as "World War II: Day 839." The *Boston Globe* had a running feature called "War Headlines A Year Ago" to remind readers where the war had stood 365 days before.

And yet America had remained on the sidelines. "The trouble with America, said President Roosevelt on August 19th, is that too many Americans have not yet made up their minds that we have a war to win and that it will take a hard fight to win it," *Life* had reported in September 1941.

When Pearl Harbor finally came, it was not a great shock, the papers testify. The next day, the *Boston Globe* opined, "The attack made by the Japanese yesterday against Hawaii did not come as a surprise to many in the country." Franklin Roosevelt sent a message to Congress a few days later that announced, "The long-known and the long-expected has thus taken place."

So the first response was one of anger and determination, mixed with a strange exhilaration. Finally, America would get to do its part. "Voters Wanted Strong Action Against Japan for Years, Gallup Institute Poll Finds," was the headline of a piece in the *New York Times*. The *Pittsburgh Post Gazette* editorialized: "Like Gulliver bound by a multitude of small cords, the United States has been bound down by its own confusion. Those cords are broken now. . . . Two worlds are opposed and only one will survive. The final outcome is not in doubt." A similar sense of release was expressed by the *Oregonian*: "America—the greatest ship of state the world has known—is now a-sail, pressing for victory."

Library of Congress

The Pennsylvania Turnpike, 1942

The enthusiasm wasn't felt merely in the editorial offices, but also on the streets. "It had to happen. I hope we blow them to hell," a Western Union messenger told a *Boston Globe* reporter. Harvard president James B. Conant told 8,000 exuberant Harvardians, "We must consciously develop a psychology of attack. Public opinion must be loud in demanding that we face the offense whenever and wherever possible." Conant insisted that the United States could not permit Germany and Japan to negotiate a surrender until they were economically and psychologically crushed. There were numerous stories describing the efforts of college presidents to restrain their students, most of whom wanted to enlist immediately. At Columbia, a dean told a gathering of 1,700 students not "to lose your heads" and "go rushing off just because you feel that you must do something right away."

Writing in the *Nation*, Jonathan Daniels summed up the mood:

> It is the hour for elation. Here is the time when a man can be what an American means, can fight for what America has always meant—an audacious, adventurous seeking for a decent earth. . . . All the weak bad things are only shadows beside our destiny now.

And so Americans entered the war with a surge, eager both to enjoy what they could at home and to press on to transform the world abroad. Today we feel guilty about our consumerism, our interest in material things. We sense a contrast between our selfishness at home and the heroic war efforts of those who serve abroad. But the popular press in those days evinced no such guilt, and seemed unconscious of any friction between domestic pleasure and foreign combat. One sacrificed for the common good where one could, and one enjoyed the commercial pleasures when possible. It was natural to be a combatant and a consumer both.

In the newspapers and magazines of 1941 there are juxtapositions that are jarring to our eyes. On one page, a gripping story recounts an American setback in the Pacific, while on the facing page, a headline offers "How to Improve Your Bowling" or "Escape to the Sun: Florida has the cure for what's going to ail a lot of Americans this winter."

Americans were not in denial. They knew the war would be "long and grim," as the *New York Times* editorialized. One story in that newspaper predicted it would take 10 years. *U.S. News* was closer to the mark with its forecast that "1942 and most of 1943 probably will be years of defense, years when preparation is being made for attack. In 1943: The turn will probably come."

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And people took the war effort seriously. In Seattle, mobs smashed the windows of stores that disregarded the blackout rules. There was a characteristic headline in the *Washington Post* about a family that had lost three sons at Pearl Harbor. It ran: "3 Sons Slain, 2 Left Alive for Vengeance." Though Americans clearly feared German armies more than Japanese ones, there were warnings not to underrate the enemy in the Pacific. "The enemy is formidable and, far from being insane, he is well prepared and devilishly shrewd," Walter Lippmann wrote.

But by and large, Americans did not see their unpreparedness for war as a reason to indict their former life as soft, materialistic, or somehow corrupt. There were a few who made this accusation—magazine mogul Henry Luce among them—but most people apparently wanted to carry on with as many of the old ways as possible, and as soon as possible. "The initial excitement is dying down," a *New York Times* writer noted on December 11, 1941—four days after the attack!—and radio schedules were returning to normal. "Merchandisers and resident buyers discounted the view that buyers' trips to the markets here next month would be cut to any substantial extent," a business reporter noted. The stock market trudged along. Even as people switched to wartime roles, they kept their mind on the occupations they would return to when peace was restored. "Auto Makers Look Forward to Postwar Task, See Use for Huge Additional Facilities," ran a *Post* headline after the attack.

In other words, America went to war with radical visions for the world but conservative visions of home. They wanted to transform the way Europeans and Japanese lived, but they wanted to return to the American status quo when the nasty business of saving democracy was over. America went to war not in the spirit of Sparta, but in the spirit of Macy's, Gimbel's, and Sears.

Politically, there were interesting differences between the reaction to Pearl Harbor and this year's attack. In 1941, recriminations started almost immediately. Four days after Pearl Harbor, the *New York Times* reported, "The Senate again broke into bitter and personal exchanges today as new demands were made that American losses in men, ships, planes and defense facilities in the Pacific be spread in detail, and at once, upon the public record." A board of inquiry was formed, and the Knox Report came out in a matter of weeks, assigning responsibility for the losses.

There was also a general embrace of wartime censorship. "Some who deal with news in Washington have come to the conclusion in the last few weeks, and come to it reluctantly, that government censorship is needed," the

Bettmann / Corbis

Recriminations: Rep. John Dingell Sr. contemplating court martials.

TRB columnist in the *New Republic* announced. Shortly after the war started, General George C. Marshall gave an off-the-record briefing to a group of correspondents on the condition that none of it be printed. The *Times* correspondent apparently told Arthur Krock, who was not there, about the substance of the briefing. Krock proceeded to publish the news under his own byline in the *Times*, on the pretext that he personally had not given his word. Byron Price, a former AP reporter, was subsequently named chief censor. He was the subject of glowing profiles in many papers.

The final political contrast is the broadest: The belligerent voices were on the left; the doves were on the far right, and Pearl Harbor had delivered a crushing blow to those isolationists. The America Firsters, the Christian Front, the Coughlinites, the Mothers' Movement, and all other such groups were to be forgiven for their past protests, which had prevented America from being fully prepared for the war, so long as they enlisted in the fight now that it was here.

Still, the coverage of the isolationist groups was contemptuous, and liberal magazines were always on the

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lookout for backsliding on the right. The conservatives used many of the same arguments one finds on the left now. A few days after Pearl Harbor, Father Coughlin, the strident radio priest, argued that World War II was a class war that would pit the rich nations (Britain, France, and the United States) against the have-not nations (Japan, Germany, and Italy). In fact, he continued, the war was being fought to preserve the "imperial supremacy of the pound," and Americans were "engaged in saving the economic system of internationalism and the imperial regime of the British Empire." What Coughlin called internationalism today's leftists call globalization.

Meanwhile on the left, the *Nation* ran an essay called "Fruits of Appeasement" on the need to confront anti-Americanism with stern power. It reads like a cold warrior's tract. Arthur Schlesinger, whose essays were everywhere in the weeks around Pearl Harbor, had a piece in the *Nation* arguing that if the Republican party was to have a future it had to jettison its heartland isolationism and embrace the East Coast establishment's internationalism. A few weeks later, the magazine hosted a symposium of Republican heavyweights, from Dewey on down, who basically agreed. The left and the Dewey wing of the GOP were then comfortable with the assertive use of American power.

When you step back and contemplate the range of post-Pearl Harbor media, you are struck by how extraordinarily proud of itself America then was. It was proud most of all of its economic might. "USA's Strength is the Power to Produce" was the headline above one Plymouth advertisement. The newspapers and magazines devoted enormous amounts of space to detailing how much steel America produced, how much coal it mined, how much wheat it grew. There were scoreboard-type tables showing what a vast lead America had over the Axis powers in industrial production.

America was also proud of its way of life. The country's people saw no reason they should curtail their normal pleasures unless absolutely compelled to. These bourgeois activities were not considered frivolous or somehow corrupting.

Americans were proud of their leaders. They were proud of the weapons they were building. They were proud of themselves. Most of all, they were proud of their ability to exert power as a force for good abroad. And why shouldn't they have been? It's normal for a country to think highly of itself.

Now, of course, America has greater reason to think well of itself. We know what extraordinary things our country proceeded to achieve during World War II and in the immediate postwar period. We know that we were able to endure and triumph in a 40-year Cold War. And yet when you look at today's media and compare them with the media of 60 years ago, it is clear that these days, our Americanness is more of a problem. We worry about being overbearing and causing people in other countries to hate us. It never would have occurred to journalists in 1941 to wonder why the Japanese hated Americans, or to think there could be any merit in their point of view. Our commentators are now more apt to emphasize the limits of American might, to argue that Afghanistan or Iraq or whatever arena we are likely to enter is bound to be a quagmire. Today, we fret more and worry that we have been corrupted by affluence or relativism. We are more anxious about ourselves.

Over the past weeks, when I've mentioned to people that I was reading through the post-Pearl Harbor press, they inevitably commented that I was probably encountering a lot of racist "Jap" bashing. In fact, there was relatively little. *Life* did a story called "How to Tell Japs From the Chinese" which identified supposed Japanese facial features. There were many cartoons in which Japanese were treated as devious slant-eyed snakes. And there were a few opinion pieces in which the Japanese were treated as clever little demons. But, at least at this point in the war, most of the coverage of Japan was not racial. Rather, the pieces emphasized Japan's political system. "Starved, oppressed, Hirohito's 72,000,000 slaves accept their lot with fatalism," was a typical summary of Japan in *Life* magazine. The report emphasized that Japan's wealth was concentrated in just a few hands, that Japanese women were horribly treated, that a twisted warrior ethos caused Japanese men to pay undue deference to the emperor.

What's striking is not those pieces from 1941, but our present-day perception of ourselves. When we are reminded of post-Pearl Harbor America, the first thing that pops into many heads today is that we had racist attitudes and we interned Japanese Americans living on these shores. In other words, of all the things to know about the American reaction to the attack from the Pacific, the one foremost in many Americans' minds is the one that is most discreditable to the United States.

This is a reflection of where the emphasis has been in American culture of late. We have become a country disproportionately familiar with our own failures. We have developed a hair-trigger sensitivity to the possibility that we may be hubristic. In our uncertainty about ourselves, we respond to disasters with an emotional sensitivity that would have been foreign to our countrymen 60 years ago. It's a weakness unbecoming to a great democratic power as it embarks on a long campaign against an indisputably evil set of foes. ♦

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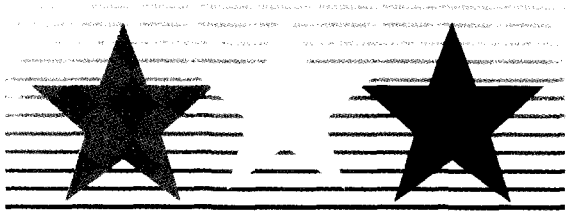

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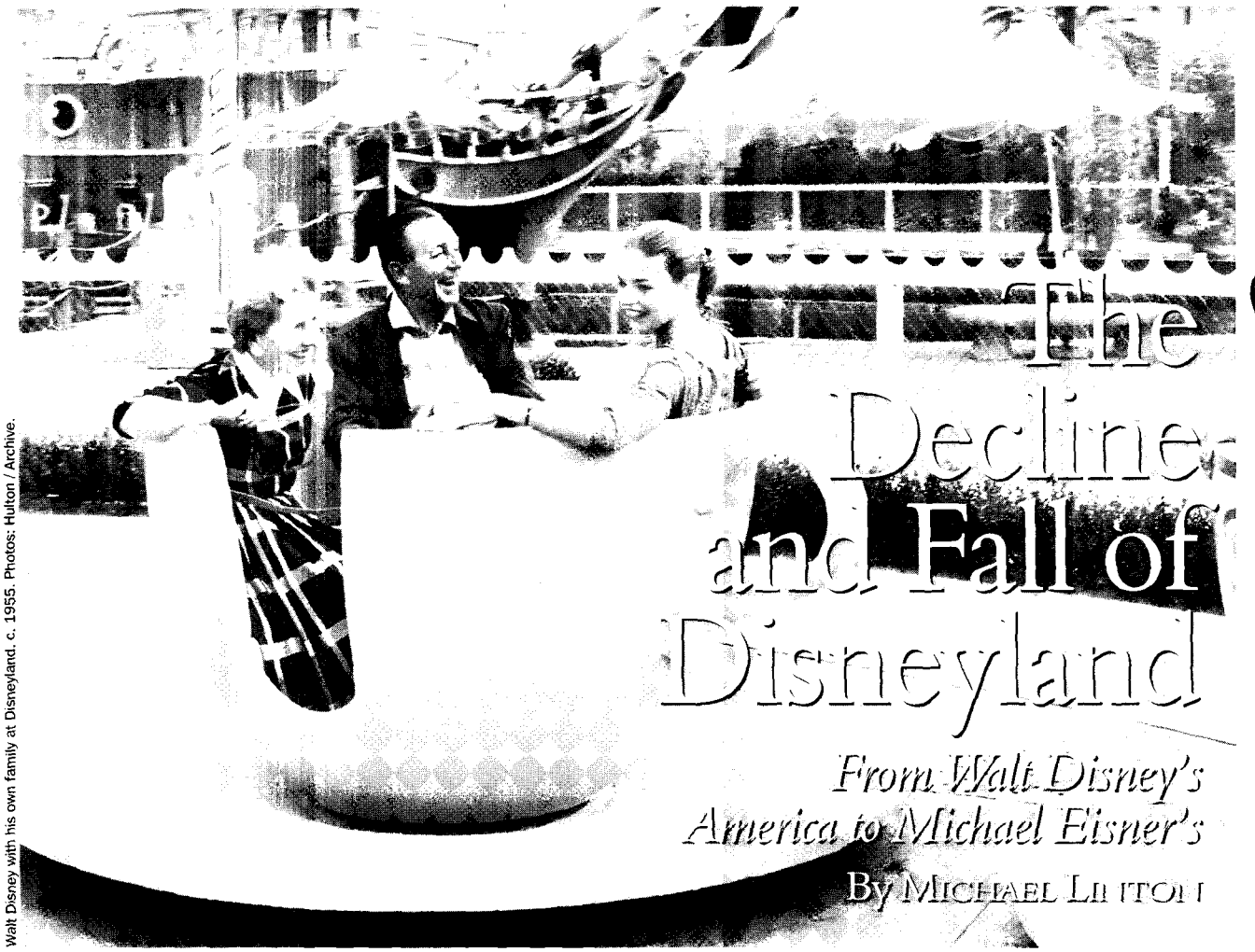

Walt Disney with his own family at Disneyland. c. 1955. Photos: Hulton / Archive.

The Decline and Fall of Disneyland

From Walt Disney's America to Michael Eisner's

By Michael Linton

At the base of the flagpole that marks the beginning of Disneyland's Main Street in Anaheim, California, rests an unobtrusive plaque. It reads: "Disneyland is youth land. Here age relives fond memories of the past and here youth may savor the challenge and promise of the future. Disneyland is dedicated to the ideals and the dreams and the hard facts that have created America with the hope that it will be a source of joy and inspiration to all the world. July 17, 1955."

These are the words with which Walt Disney opened his remarkable experiment in entertainment almost half a century ago. Today it's more than a bit dizzying to turn around and trudge back across the ticket plaza to the new resort Michael Eisner has built in what was the old Disneyland's parking lot. Walt's Magic Kingdom now shares the block with Eisner's California Adventure, and the distance between the two is much further than the seventy yards between them would suggest.

Michael Linton is chairman of the division of music theory and composition at Middle Tennessee State University.

Like Disneyland, Eisner's park is divided into theme areas. Furthest from the entrance, and dominating the park's skyline, is "Paradise Pier." There's a roller coaster called "California Screamin'," a Ferris wheel, a boardwalk, and some carnival thrill rides. A raft ride, marking the middle of the "Golden State" section, gets you wet cascading down the slopes of a Sierra Nevada peak reminiscent of the grizzly bear on the California state flag. There's a mini-section with a big-screen flight simulator that wings you over bits of California scenery (the innovation here is aromatic: Over forests and orchards we get bits of appropriate orange or pine scent). "Pacific Wharf" is a food court complete with a microbrewery and patio for wine tasting. The "Hollywood Pictures Backlot" is a street of 1930s-style false fronts with theaters for stage shows and films and more places to get hot dogs. Abutting the park on the west is the new Grand Californian Hotel and a half-mile shopping mall called "Downtown Disney."

The expanded Disney empire in Anaheim has been long in coming. Ever since the opening of Disneyland in the 1950s, Walt and Roy Disney resented the dozens of hotels—of various grades of cheesiness—that grew on the park's perimeter, and they resolved not to repeat their mistake of buying too little land when Disney World was planned in Orlando. Meanwhile, back in California, the Disney brothers negotiated with the city of Long Beach for an Epcot-like park on the city's waterfront (where they already owned the *Queen Mary* and the *Spruce Goose*), but nothing materialized.

Now, under Eisner, the company has joined with the city of Anaheim to develop 1,100 acres around Disneyland. Disney bought out the businesses that bordered the park to the west, expanded its hotels, built the "California Adventure," and put up huge parking garages—all at a price tag of $1.4 billion. And the expansion isn't over: The Anaheim city council approved in concept a third theme park for Disney

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last July. It's not just Disneyland anymore. It's now the "Disneyland Resort."

Funny. As kids growing up in southern California we never thought of Disneyland as a resort. Baden-Baden and Palm Springs were resorts. But Disneyland was a kingdom. It was, in fact, a kingdom celebrating American optimism. It's easy to read those words Walt Disney spoke at the park's dedication as so much blather. Disneyland was and always has been a business. Walt—and especially his older brother Roy—were wizards at marketing. And when looking at Dumbo it's hard to know just what Disney meant by "hard facts."

But Disneyland became such a part of American culture because it celebrated—more eloquently than any other institution of the postwar period—the notion of the American Dream. It wasn't as much an amusement park as a morality tale. Remarkably, when it opened there were no thrill rides at all (the Matterhorn bobsleds weren't added until the 1960s).

Instead there were attractions about Snow White and Mr. Toad and Peter Pan, in each of which the visitor experienced the story through narrative, architecture, music, and technology. The stories always taught something—like the lesson that outward beauty or ugliness could be deceiving (as with the stepmother and the dwarves in *Snow White*). And good always triumphed.

The morality tale extended to American history. On the paddle wheeler *Mark Twain* the visitor was floated past frontier woodlands. A mine train took visitors through the arid southwest. Main Street was an idealization of Teddy Roosevelt's America, a thoroughly midwestern nation that had plowed the prairies and defeated slavery and was now busy preaching its gospel of can-do optimism from Puerto Rico to the Philippines. In Tomorrowland that gospel reached its millennium. There was the "house of the future" (made almost entirely of plastic), and freeways where kids could drive without traffic jams, and rockets to fly to the moon. The past was something Americans could be proud of—and the future was bound to be even better.

Disney basically continued his original vision with the park's additions. The Matterhorn, inspired by the company's movie on the heroic mountaineers who first climbed the Swiss peak, housed the park's first roller coaster. Tomorrowland was updated along polished steel lines, to include a futuristic monorail and "people mover," both seen as models for urban development. But the most important additions—the capstones to Walt's Anaheim venture—were exhibits originally shown at the New York World's Fair: "Primeval World," "It's a Small World," the "General Electric Carousel of Progress," and "Great Moments with Mr. Lincoln."

All of these attractions made spectacular use of Disney's innovative "animatronics," paving the way for what was to be the park's most popular attraction: "Pirates of the Caribbean," which opened only months after Walt's death in December 1966. Abutted to the original park's Grand Canyon diorama, "Primal World" presented a land of dinosaurs based upon episodes of *Fantasia*. The "Carousel of Progress" told the story of the growth of American prosperity in four vignettes. "It's a Small World" celebrated how nice kids were (and featured the catchiest and most annoying tune Disney ever produced). Finally there was Mr. Lincoln holding forth from the Main Street Opera House.

And Disneyland was beautiful. The paint was always fresh, the walks and streets spotless. Disney banned alcohol, in part because it contributed to public disorder but also because he thought it symbolically served to divide parents from their children, and Disneyland was about the unity between generations. Families with children, grandparents, teens out on dates, and even newlyweds all felt at home in Disneyland. And despite the cost (Disneyland was always expensive), I don't think that I ever remember anyone really resenting the expense.

Of course it was corny. And much of it untrue. The idyllic main streets that sponsored fraternal orders like the Knights of Pythias also hosted the Ku Klux Klan. Despite the tune, it's not a small world but one characterized by cultures deeply antagonistic to each other. The fairy tales Disney popularized were much grittier and more ambiguous than their Disney versions. Floating through Disneyland's jungle ride in 1969 it was impossible not to think of booby-traps and Viet Cong. And Walt was himself not the harmless uncle his Burbank PR staff portrayed him as, but a visionary autocrat who was known to drive his staff as hard as himself.

Nonetheless, much of what Disneyland *stood for* was true. Life really is a struggle between good and evil. There are people who actually are heroes. Act like an ass long enough and you will become one. There is no danger to the nation more to be feared than that

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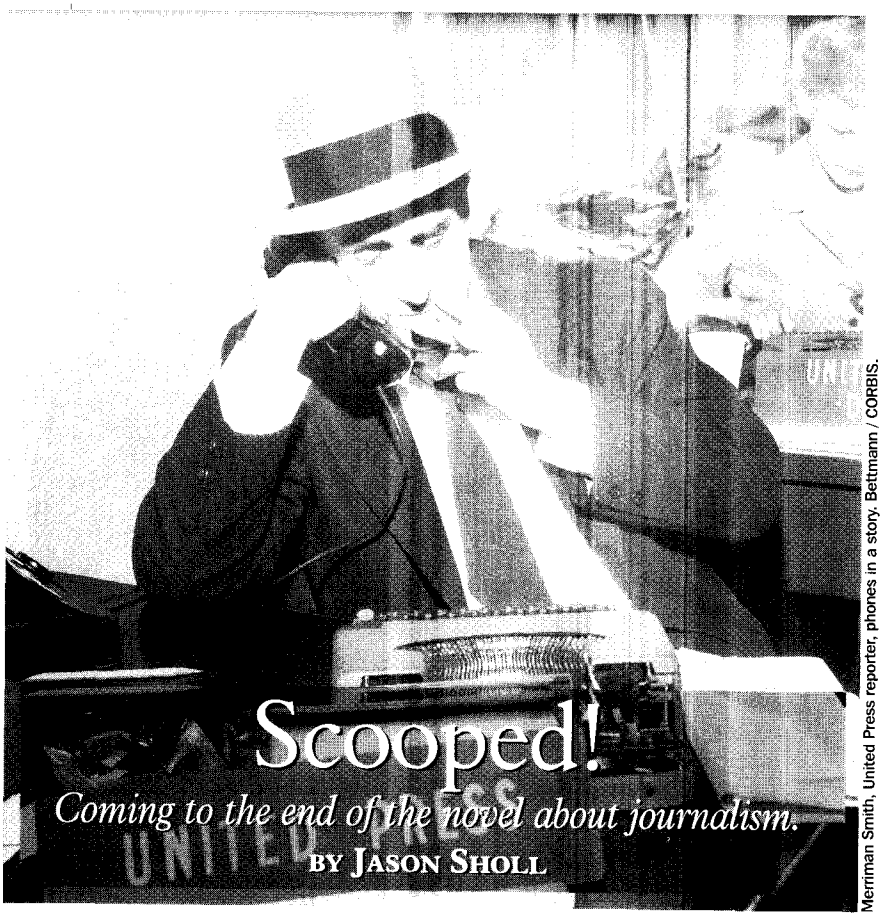
brought upon it by the corruption of its own people. And this is a deeply beautiful land in which life could be rewarding and fun, and for which we should be thankful.

Eisner's California Adventure shares none of these qualities. Most of the attractions are amusing but pointless ("Soaring over California" presents a few minutes of splendid views, but without any narrative, the film might as well have been shot over Morocco). The thrill rides are no better than what's found at two dozen other amusement parks across the country, lacking innovation and imagination. And the park isn't even pretty. The replica of the Golden Gate Bridge that marks the new park's entrance is cramped. The food court is housed in a complex that looks like a decrepit Cannery Row. Disney even seems to have lost its way with lights. At night the illuminated Paradise Pier isn't as pretty as Long Beach's now demolished Pike was forty years ago. It's even dirty. Trash floats in the lagoons. Litter lies uncollected on the walkways. And it's overpriced. At an adult admission fee of $43—the same as for admission to Disneyland—we feel less like guests than rubes.

Or like members of a market niche. It's not quite true that California Adventure tells nobody's story. It—together with the entertainment-merchandising-information behemoth Disney has become—tells the story of a culture obsessed with getting richer through ever-greater market-share and niche exploitation. By far the most physically attractive part of Eisner's addition is "Downtown Disney," a pedestrian street offering tens of thousands of square feet for hawking Donald Duck key chains, Snow White costumes, and Mickey Mouse T-shirts. Eisner hasn't put a plaque here yet, but I know what it will read: "It's the economy, stupid."

December 5, 2001, would be Walt Disney's one-hundredth birthday, and the company he founded has marked the centenary by spectacularly repudiating one of his greatest gifts to the country. It's enough to make Mickey weep. ♦



Merriman Smith, United Press reporter, phones in a story. Bettmann / CORBIS.

Scooped!

Coming to the end of the novel about journalism.

BY JASON SHOLL

Anyone with an interest in the popular press will probably have ferreted out a few unfortunate truths about journalists: that they occasionally get their facts wrong, that their opinions are often affectations, and that many of them aren't above betraying confidences or distorting the truth for personal gain. Media criticism can capture the surface of the media circus, and journalistic memoirs can yield certain insights. But there are some truths about journalism that only fiction can unearth.

The Columnist
by Jeffrey Frank
Simon & Schuster, 237 pp., $22

The Grim Pig
by Charles Gordon
McClelland & Stewart, 259 pp., $24.95

That's why the past century and a half has seen so many satirical novels about the trade of journalism—so many, in fact, that the satire has become more than a little tired. In both style and substance, Jeffrey Frank's *The Columnist* and Charles Gordon's *The Grim Pig* couldn't possibly be more different. The former takes as its subject the high-profile pretensions of the Washington media elite, while the latter deals with everyday absurdity at a small-town newspaper. *The Columnist* effectively uses irony to transform banal scenarios into a comment on their banality; *The Grim Pig* is mostly just banal. Each novel, in its own way, nevertheless reveals how thoroughly clichéd stories of journalistic excess have become for the contemporary satirist.

The Columnist takes the form of a fictional memoir, penned by a puffed-up Washington pundit and first-rate boor named Brandon Sladder. Writing without a modicum of self-awareness, Sladder recounts how, born into a modest Buffalo household, he climbed his way to media eminence on the back of countless betrayals, blackmails, and self-serving seductions, winding up with a news spot on NBC and a political column syndicated in four hundred newspapers worldwide. As *The Columnist* unfolds, Sladder unwittingly reveals himself to be a loathsome individual—and a terrible columnist, to boot. He has no eye for news, no ear for language, and no real understanding of culture or politics. He's cold enough to cost his hard-working father a pension for the sake of a minor story and nar-

Jason Sholl is a literary agent at Vigliano Associates in New York.

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Hulton-Deutsch Collection / CORBIS.

cissistic enough not even to recognize his own narcissism.

The novel skewers many other types in the media. There's Lionel Heftihed, for instance, the pretentious literary editor of *The New Terrain* who rarely reads "anyone but himself," and Julius Portino, veteran city editor of the *Buffalo Vindicator* and staunch believer "that the unexamined life is greatly to be preferred." But thanks to the author's deft use of Sladder as an unreliable narrator—and hence the impossibility of taking any of Sladder's venom at face value—*The Columnist* is mostly a finely wrought satire of the pretentious and self-serving "insider accounts" that so many journalists seem to pen these days when they venture forth with books.

The Grim Pig is nowhere near the same level of novel. As it opens, a small-town newspaper called the Grand-Valley *World-Beacon* finds itself under the charge of a new editor, a man with a reputation for market-savvy sensationalism who, addressing his staff, begins by writing the misspelled word "DESTINNY" on a giant easel. Dismissing all serious investigative journalism with a wave of his hand, the new editor demands that his reporters produce stories more likely to sell: pieces about the "exciting worlds of travel and romance and fine cloth." So the book's hapless protagonist, a recovering alcoholic and failed book writer named Parker MacVeigh, goes chasing after stories about cloth. His diligence is soon rewarded with a plum assignment: investigating the possibility that creatures from Saturn have invaded the planet.

MacVeigh's colleagues at the *World-Beacon* are journalistic misfits—guilty of everything from persistent misspellings to insipid headlines—and the only one capable of intelligent thought saves it for the end. The paper's new management, she confides to MacVeigh, "don't define a story the way we do. We think a story is little guy getting screwed by big guy; or big guy getting caught cheating. They think a story is big guy getting screwed by government, or little guy cheating on welfare." For such an overdrawn novel, it's a surprisingly timid complaint.

If much of this sounds familiar, that's because it is. In character, situation, and plot, the genre hasn't evolved much since the late nineteenth century. By 1885, Guy de Maupassant's *Bel Ami*, an expansive satire of careerism and amorality in Parisian literary circles, had originated most of the archetypes that continue to cram such novels today: the lazy editorial office where skill at the gaming table confers greater prestige than skill at writing; the political editor who knows nothing about politics and the style columnist who knows nothing about style; the overbearing proprietor; the vividly detailed article recounting remarkable occurrences that never took place. (Basing several characters on known Parisian newspapermen, Maupassant also established a far less savory tradition when, shortly after *Bel Ami*'s publication, he was accused of slander.)

The genre's themes—that journalism corrupts, that sensationalism sells, that truth is relative—have also remained more or less constant since the turn of the last century. And even the possibility of bringing familiar caricatures to new extremes was effectively eliminated with the publication of Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop* in 1937. *Scoop* arguably still holds title to the most outrageous media send-up. In one of the novel's more memorable passages, the "highest paid journalist of the United States" sends several hasty dispatches about a nonexistent Balkan revolution (instigating a real Balkan revolution in the process), and ends up winning a Nobel Peace Prize for his work.

For decades following the publication of *Scoop*, the journalism satire all but disappeared. In 1978, Michael Frayn quietly resurrected the genre with *Towards the End of the Morning*, a restrained comedy about life at an aging Fleet Street paper. But it wasn't until the late 1980s, following the unexpected success of Jay McInerney's *Bright Lights, Big City* (in part a parody of the *New Yorker*), that the newsroom reemerged as a fashionable setting for satirical fiction. In 1987 appeared Christopher Wren's *Hacks*, a lighthearted farce about correspondence journalism, and Malcolm Muggeridge's *The Picture Palace*, a satire of political liberalism at the old *Manchester Guardian*, where Muggeridge had worked in the 1930s. The following year, the comic mystery novelist Donald Westlake produced *Trust Me On This*, a riotously overdrawn account of life at a tabloid, which he followed with two sequels. And by the late 1990s, you could add to the list Tim Heald's *Stop Press*, a screwball comedy about a journalist-cum-media consultant who wreaks havoc on the British publishing industry; Andrew Martin's *Bilton*, a zany tale about a Marxist newspaper columnist buoyed to fame by capitalism then toppled by it; Amanda Craig's *A Vicious Circle*, a malice-filled roman à clef about book reviewing in London; and Ted Heller's *Slab Rat*, a slick send-up of scheming editors at a New York media conglomerate.

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All of these novels contain some memorable images (*A Vicious Circle*'s swanky Slouch Club, for instance, home to "authors on the razzle, agents on the dazzle, politicians on the frazzle"), and most offer some valid criticism of unsettling trends in contemporary newspaper publishing (*Bilton*, for instance, is set at a paper so bloated with trashy lifestyle supplements "that it was the boast of the Chief Editor in Chief that he never read a word of it").

But taken as a group, they have an essential sameness that's impossible to ignore. Not one in ten appears without the suggestion of some malicious, thinly cloaked insider dirt (early reviews of *The Columnist*, for instance, mention the names George Will, Ben Bradlee, and Leon Wieseltier, among others). And a fair number even inspire threats of legal action. Libel worries withheld publication of Muggeridge's *The Picture Palace* over half a century after the novel's completion; and in the face of an impending lawsuit, Craig's first publisher dropped *A Vicious Circle*, although the novel found a new home once its author toned down some of the more recognizable characters.

The genre hasn't always been so narrow an enterprise, however. During the mid-nineteenth century, just as the Romantic ideal of the poet was giving way to the modern ideal of the professional writer, several novelists found in journalism a convenient metaphor for shifting societal attitudes toward dictates of the commercial marketplace. In Honoré de Balzac's *Lost Illusions* (1843) a provincial poet learns that his success as a big-city critic depends on a willingness to write what he doesn't believe, just as in Maupassant's *Bel Ami* a rakish young writer discovers that an ability with words counts for less than romantic savvy with publishers' wives. Both novels are expansive dramas about vanity, ambition, and the spiritual price of success. And although both are set in and around Parisian newspapers, they could have been set just about anywhere else, trafficking in big themes specific to journalism without being specific to journalism alone.

By the end of *Lost Illusions*, big-city decadence has ravaged Balzac's poet, who returns to his hometown penniless and suicidal, awaiting grace. Meanwhile, Maupassant's talentless rake marries into one of the richest families in Paris, is promised a baronetcy and a seat in parliament, and loses what little integrity he began with. Each protagonist's fate, in its own way, presents a savage indictment of modernity's effect on the soul. And it's no accident Balzac and Maupassant made their protagonists journalists. In a profession that offered rapidly growing influence over public opinion, but allowed its members largely to police their own activities, journalists felt the temptations of modernity acutely.

They still do—or so one would gather from reading almost any media satire published in the past fifteen years. By convention, at least one character per novel must rise from the bottom of his trade to the top, learning along the way the rules of an unsavory game already in progress. By novel's end, such characters usually reap the rewards of public humiliation (as in *Bilton*), despair (*A Vicious Circle*), or even death (*Slab Rat*). Those who emerge more or less unscathed—the Brandon Sladders of the world—tend to do so only through blindness to their own misery.

Jeffrey Frank's *The Columnist* is the best of these recent novels. Though it never tries to be a "big" book of Balzac or Maupassant's sort, it is finely wrought and contains some broad truths about the psychic costs of vanity: One senses that Brandon Sladder was born to his megalomania and would have achieved a similar destiny had he gone into insurance sales, oil speculation, or any of a million other ventures. Indeed, what makes *The Columnist* a good book is that it's not just a journalism novel—for after a hundred and fifty years of repetitive burlesques and bitter parodies, there isn't a whole lot left to say about the hypocrisies, absurdities, and excesses of the Fourth Estate. ♦

Tracking the Music

Every man his own composer.

BY ANTHONY MARIANI

One indication that the phenomenon of music over the Internet will soon be completely corporatized is the note on the Napster website: "You have the power to keep file-sharing over the Internet alive. Washington insiders should never win out over the will of the people. Contact Congress by email to let them know how you feel. You can make a difference."

Even the flower children at Napster must know that this isn't going to stop the Recording Industry Association of America, the music-industry trade organization that filed a copyright infringement lawsuit against Napster back in December 1999. (Napster has been non-operational since July 1.) The desperation in Napster's note is sad almost to the point of being cute.

Out there in cyberspace, however, in the pockets between the fee-based, corporate-backed file-sharing services, and the few remaining free services, a new breed of Internet music thrives. It's called "tracking music," and it's a computer-centric oddity in which amateur musicians create and arrange music with the letters on their computer's QWERTY keyboards.

Tracking is sustained by only a few websites (none with recognizable corporate backing or fashionable endorsements). Among their own, outstanding trackers—whose successes are determined by downloads, not record

Anthony Mariani writes about popular music for the Village Voice *and* Vibe.

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sales—are Springsteen-sized pin-ups. The content is typically anthemic dance music, with everything digitized except the human voice (trackers have to employ real singers or rip real, prerecorded vocal tracks for their sung parts). The tracker builds a song layer by layer, recording rhythms, then adding on melodic accents as needed. It's a fascinating phenomenon—and perhaps the last gasp of the old computer culture.

Tracking predates the Internet. In the mid-1980s, hackers cracked early Atari and Commodore video games and inserted their own binary music inside; they then passed around their handiwork like proud science-fair winners with their neato projects. Hackers then moved on to cracking PCs and began "composing" music in earnest, competing with one another on bulletin-board systems to see who could compose the most proficient piece of music that would fit on a floppy disk. From there, the Internet in the early 1990s seemed a natural progression.

One of the most prominent figures in the current scene is Saurin Shah, a Gen-Xer from Houston by way of Toronto. Shah is the founder of Trax in Space, possibly the largest website devoted to tracking. Shah's burgeoning empire includes a record label (Infinity), a tracking magazine (*Digital Music Revolution*), and a retail business (MODplug), which plans on packaging, marketing, and selling the specialized software that trackers have grown accustomed to downloading for free.

Shah wants to turn tracking into an everyday utility, likening "desktop composing" to desktop publishing: something everyone can do to make their quarterly reports more catchy. That's possible, of course, although unlikely; it sounds like the promise, made decades ago, that the creation of the Fortran programming language would make every businessman his own programmer. What commercialized desktop composing is more likely to do is kill off tracking by turning it into a form of clip art.

Although tracking attracts computer nerds *cum* musicians from across the globe, you probably won't read about it in any serious music magazines. This isn't to say there aren't a few talented trackers who want to make making music their full-time occupation. Some cut CDs, lots promote their singles or albums on MP3.com, and one band, TbO & Vega, was picked up by a record label. The sound of choice among trackers is mostly one techno strain or another. What you find at a tracking website like *www.traxinspace.com* or *www.united-trackers.org* is often not much different from the latest BT record or what you would hear at a local dance club or rave—which is to say that trackers put too much stock in their independence from everyday pop music making.

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Still, a few of the songs are genuinely successful. Russian Boy's "Let the Blues" is a fine, gospel-tinged piano number. And PPH's "The Cowboy's Walk" would make a nice accompaniment to a movie about Tijuana in the 1950s. Awesome's "The Chase" revolves around a theme from Aaron Copland, tinkering with a dramatic progression that almost completely transforms the mood of the song by the end. And a tracker who calls himself Vantage-The Real One has an interesting tune called "Duet of the Ritual," a thundering heavy-metal piece. There is, in fact, a surprising amount of solid material in the tracking universe.

If no music is truly alternative anymore—what with every conceivable niche having been neatly categorized by program directors and *Billboard* editors around the globe—then tracking may represent the next best thing. The lack of corporate presence still makes it enough to attract a hip-enough, young, disaffected crowd. And there's also the added benefit of tracking's truly egalitarian nature: Everyone, with the right software, can be a star (kind of). What's more American dreamy than that? ♦

Dorothy Osborne

English literature's best unrediscovered woman writer. **BY ALAN JACOBS**

In recent years, "neglected women writers" have been much in vogue, with publishers bringing out series after series of them. Yet Dorothy Osborne, the most remarkable of that company, has been overlooked by literary archaeologists—and it is a scandal that her work is not more widely available. Think Jane Austen, a hundred and fifty years earlier—although Osborne may be even wittier.

Osborne, who lived from 1627 to 1695, never imagined her work would be published, in part because it consists solely of letters to her fiancé, and in part because she did not think authorship a fit role for a woman. Indeed it is only because of the fame her eventual husband later achieved that her work came to light at all. Sir William Temple became a noted British diplomat—noted enough that a writer named Thomas Peregrine Courtenay composed one of those hefty Victorian biographies of him in 1838.

Alan Jacobs is professor of English at Wheaton College and author of A Visit to Vanity Fair: Moral Essays on the Present Age *(Brazos).*

Courtenay's *Life of Sir William Temple* had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the brilliant historian, journalist, and polemicist Lord Macaulay, who tore it to shreds in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*. But one aspect appealed to Macaulay: the Appendix, in which Courtenay had placed some of the letters written by Dorothy Osborne before her marriage to Temple. "Mr. Courtenay expresses some doubt whether his readers will think him justified in inserting so large a number of these epistles," Macaulay declared. "We only wish there were twice as many." Macaulay's enthusiasm in turn intrigued a certain Edward Abbott Parry, who tracked down the whole cache of letters and published an edition of them.

The story of William Temple and Dorothy Osborne is worthy of enshrinement in a romance movie. They met in 1645, in the midst of England's Civil War, with fathers on opposite sides: Sir John Temple supported Oliver Cromwell and served in the Long Parliament, while Sir Peter Osborne, lieutenant governor of the island of Guernsey, so passionately loved King Charles that he was the last Royalist leader to surrender, yielding Castle Cornet to Parliamentarian forces only when his men were starving.

Even after the war's conclusion, neither family was pleased by the prospect of Dorothy and William's union. Dorothy was beset by a flock of suitors (by all accounts she was a beauty), the most noteworthy of whom was Henry Cromwell, son of that dreadful rebel who would soon become Lord Protector of England.

The Osbornes, who were short of cash at the time, could scarcely afford to stand on ideological principle. Dorothy's brother Henry seems to have been especially eager for the match, although he would have preferred any number of suitors to Temple, of whom he said (as Dorothy wrote to her beloved), "that religion or honor were things that you did not consider at all, and that he was confident you would take any engagement, serve in any employment, or do anything to advance yourself."

Familial opposition prolonged the courtship for about eight years, though neither Dorothy nor William seems to have wavered in commitment. The letters of Dorothy's that survive (none of William's does) cover the courtship's last two years. Here's a characteristic passage from a letter written in the summer of 1653:

> My brother says not a word of you, nor your service, nor do I expect he should; if I could forget you, he would not help my memory. You would laugh, sure, if I could tell you how many servants [suitors] he has offered me since he came down; but one above all the rest I think he is in love with himself, and may marry him too if he pleases, I shall not hinder him. 'Tis one Talbot, the finest gentleman he has seen this seven year; but the mischief on't is he has not above fifteen or sixteen hundred pound a year, though he swears he begins to think one might bate £500 a year for such a husband. I tell him I am glad to hear it; and if I were as much taken [as he] with Mr. Talbot, I should not be less gallant; but I doubted the first extremely.

In addition to poor Talbot we find, in the same letter, an appearance by one of the recurrent characters in the

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epistolary saga: Sir Justinian Isham, a widower with five children (four of them daughters) who seems to have had a reputation for piety but whom Dorothy thinks "the vainest, impertinent, self-conceited learned coxcomb that ever yet I saw." She invariably refers to him as "the Emperor Justinian" and describes her encounters with him in diplomatic terms:

> Would you think it, that I have an ambassador from the Emperor Justinian that comes to renew the treaty? In earnest, 'tis true, and I want your counsel extremely, what to do in it. You told me once that of all my servants you liked him the best. If I could do so too, there were no dispute in't. Well, I'll think on't, and if it succeed I will be as good as my word; you shall take your choice of my four daughters.

Osborne excels at such banter, but in the most remarkable of her letters, the power comes from an extraordinary moment of Christian reconciliation. Henry's condemnation of Temple prompted a break between brother and sister, and Dorothy's description of their reconciliation is one of the great moments of seventeenth-century prose:

> I had not patience for this. To say you were a beggar, your father not worth £4000 in the whole world, was nothing in comparison of having no religion nor no honor. I forgot all my disguise, and we talked ourselves weary; he renounced me again, and I defied him, but both in as civil language as it would permit, and parted in great anger with the usual ceremony of a leg and a courtesy, that you would have died with laughing to have seen us.
>
> The next day I, not being at dinner, saw him not till night; then he came into my chamber, where I supped but he did not. . . . [He] sat half-an-hour and said not one word, nor I to him. At last, in a pitiful tone, "Sister," says he, "I have heard you say that when anything troubles you, of all things you apprehend going to bed, because there it increases upon you, and you lie at the mercy of all your sad thoughts, which the silence and darkness of the night adds a horror to; I am at that pass now. I vow to God I would not endure another night like the last to gain a crown." . . .
>
> [We] fell into a discourse of melancholy and the causes, and from that (I know not how) into religion; and we talked so long of it, and so devoutly, that it [allayed] all our anger. We grew to a calm and peace with all the world. Two hermits conversing in a cell they equally inhabit, never expressed more humble, charitable kindness, one towards another, than we. He asked my pardon and I his, and he has promised me never to speak of it to me whilst he lives, but leave the event to God Almighty; and till he sees it done, he will be always the same to me that he is; then he shall leave me, he says, not out of want of kindness to me, but because he cannot see the ruin of a person that he loves so passionately, and in whose happiness he had laid up all his.

> These are the terms we are at, and I am confident he will keep his word with me, so that you have no reason to fear him in any respect.

The tribulations of the courtship were not over even with this. After all the "servants" had been sent away and the families (however imperfectly) reconciled to the match, Dorothy contracted smallpox, which left her face disfigured by scars, her beauty gone. William's love survived this last trial, and they were married at Christmas 1654. Dorothy's death parted them forty-one years later.

So why hasn't the energetic industry devoted to the recovery of women writers rediscovered Dorothy Osborne? Part of the problem, perhaps, is that she wrote only letters; yet for much of the history of English literature, the letter has been considered one of the standard genres, and its most skilled practitioners (Horace Walpole, Mary Wortley Montague) praised as literary lions. Indeed, Virginia Woolf acknowledged Osborne as one of this company.

More significant is Osborne's lack of interest in feminist issues. Many of the writers published in, for example, the distinguished and scholarly Oxford Women Writers series have exemplified a kind of proto-feminism, but Osborne seems to have had little in common with these authors. Indeed, in one letter she scoffs at the literary ambitions of Margaret Cavendish, the Duchess of Newcastle: "Sure, the poor woman is a little distracted, she could never be so ridiculous else as to venture at writing books, and in verse too. If I should not sleep this fortnight I should not come to that." Still, in her resistance to her family and her confident banter with her lover, she seems anything but a doormat; rather, a worthy real-life predecessor to the Jane Austen heroines whom many feminist critics have embraced.

No, there is no justifiable reason for neglecting Dorothy Osborne, one of the English language's masters of the epistolary art. Those who would like a fuller encounter with her work must scour the secondhand bookstores (there's a Penguin edition from 1987, although it's in original spelling and punctuation).

The seeker will find a writer of remarkable grace, with a range of emotional delineation that few can match. As vividly and movingly as Osborne can describe the dark nights of her soul, she always retains a healthy distance from even her deepest fears: The great constant in her prose is the wit that enables her to see the humor and absurdity of our affairs. Indeed, for those many difficult and uncertain years when she and Temple were separated, wit must have been her chief tool for emotional survival. She was one of the great—and greatly neglected—chroniclers of the human comedy. ♦

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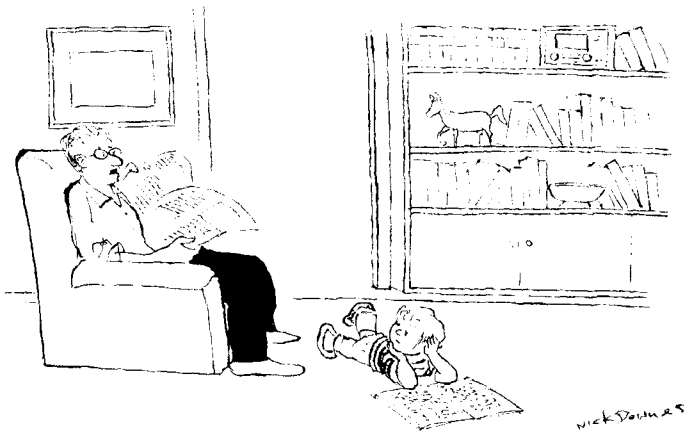

"No, carpet-bombing would not be an appropriate way to find Waldo."

The Wubbulous World of Opera

The scathing reviews of the New York City Opera's premiere of *Lilith* are a sign of just how bad it was: There's so little new opera that reviewers long to praise. But maybe the company should have seen disaster coming. Composer Deborah Drattell explained she was "attracted to women who triumph over the odds"—which leaves one confused about why she chose Lilith, Adam's first wife according to some mystical Jewish writings. "It's not a typical opera in the sense of boy meets girl," Drattell admitted.

Still, the story might have worked if the music hadn't consisted mostly of bass and drum rumbles under the vocals, if Eve and Lilith hadn't spent the entire opera in their underwear, if a male dance troupe hadn't swirled around them for two hours dressed as Hasidim, and if the lyrics by David Steven Cohen hadn't consisted of lines like "Wind Water Want. Washing away regret. Wind Water Want."

The producers might have gotten their first hint of impending doom from Cohen's résumé—which, according to *Playbill*, includes the theme song for *The Wubbulous World of Dr. Seuss*. He's had songs performed "by Elaine Stritch, Megan Mullally, Melanie Chartoff, and the Cat in the Hat," and his credits include *Pee-Wee's Playhouse*, *Tiny Tunes*, *ALF*, and *Courage the Cowardly Dog*. "*Lilith* is Mr. Cohen's first opera libretto." We guessed as much. ♦

Book of the Week

The Catholic Alternative

George Weigel on the Church BY J. BOTTUM

The Truth of Catholicism: Ten Controversies Explored, by George Weigel (HarperCollins, 196 pp., $24).

"When I was young," F. Scott Fitzgerald said, "the boys in my street still thought that Catholics drilled in the cellar every night with the idea of making Pius the Ninth autocrat of this republic." Of course, that was back in the good old days, when people still worried that Catholicism would use America to advance its secret, Jesuitical agenda.

The great unwritten story these days is how America uses Catholicism. It's all so confusing. The "Catholic vote" hasn't existed for years. The pews are filled with nominal Catholics who ignore their Church on moral matters, and the streets with lapsed Catholics who ignore everything else as well. Catholicism ought not to matter, and yet, somehow, it does. For politicians, commentators, editorial writers—indeed, for most Americans—the Catholic Church performs a massive *symbolic* function for the United States today. Whether one hates it or embraces it, Catholicism is the center of the nation's arguments about abortion, euthanasia, cloning, homosexuality, and nearly every other moral issue.

To understand what it is about the Catholic Church that lets it be used this way, George Weigel's *The Truth of Catholicism* is the place to begin. Weigel is best known for his definitive 1999 biography of John Paul II, *Witness to Hope* (recently issued in an updated paperback edition). In *The Truth of Catholicism* he takes up ten theological, moral, and political controversies, explaining Catholicism's position on suffering, salvation, and democracy. His account of the pope's theology of the body is particularly fascinating.

When Weigel says the "truth of Catholicism," he means to set forth the unity of Catholicism's vision for human life. The book is written in a clean, nonpietistic voice, and it presents what we might call the "Catholic alternative"—the alternative to commercialized, scientized, and sexualized life that makes the symbol of Catholicism loom so large in America.

"The brave new world is a world of rationally organized self-indulgence," Weigel observes. "The world of the saints is a world of radical, extravagant self-giving. . . . Which is the more human world? Which is the more liberated? Which is the world on which you would want to bet your life?" ♦

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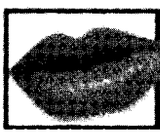

Rush & Molloy

In Hindsight

November 27, 2001

He told us about the lust in his heart. Now Jimmy Carter is revealing more than he probably should about some personal, physical trauma during his search for a Mideast peace agreement.

Wally McNamee/Corbis

In his latest book, "Christmas in Plains," the former-President recalls the agony he was forced to endure from hemorrhoids while negotiating with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat.

Learning of his discomfort, Sadat asked his own nation to pray for an end to Carter's torment.

Miraculously, "the day after Christmas, for the first time in weeks, all the pain and discomfort went away," writes Carter. "I've never received a better Christmas gift."

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Getting Standards Right

Paul T. Hill is a research professor at the Center on Reinventing Public Education, University of Washington; distinguished visiting fellow, Hoover Institution; and member, Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education.

CEOs and governors are celebrating because most states have adopted standards-based reform and built testing programs to assess school performance. But their apparent victory is hollow. K–12 standards, which business leaders hoped would establish what every child needs to know to become a self-supporting and informed citizen, have come to mean something quite different.

Most state standards have no empirical basis. **Standards have been developed as airy visions that satisfy all factions of the professional education community.** Enthusiasts for different subjects—American versus world literature, various arts, and so forth—have all found secure places for themselves.

This shift in the meaning of standards is evident in states such as Washington that endorse standards but cannot agree on how schools will be held accountable. Business leaders are discovering that the groups that developed state standards were never asked whether they could prepare most or all students to meet the standards. People who developed standards in this way are understandably skeptical about taking firm action toward failing schools or districts. Maybe the aspirations were too ambitious and should be amended or their application delayed for a generation or so. Maybe teachers need a lot more training and experience. Maybe public spending on schools should double or triple.

Business people, who think standards should be explicit about what every child must know at a certain age if he or she is to become a participant in economic life, take a harder line. By their logic, temporizing is irresponsible. If children in a school are not meeting standards, something must be done immediately. There is no time to wait until teachers and administrators "come around." Under this logic, standards are promises made by the state and the state has an obligation to provide schools that can teach students successfully.

Business leaders need to stop congratulating themselves and start insisting that standards be built correctly. In many states, they will have to start over.

Evidence-based literacy and mathematics standards, particularly at ages nine and thirteen, could be created, but they would be more modest in scope than the airy visions endorsed by most states. It is hard to see how any state could prove that children's futures would be blighted if they did not know specific facts about history, arts, or even science at a particular age. But compared to the aspirational standards that most states have now set, those that are evidence-based would be compelling warrants for sustained and dramatic state action toward school improvement.

In the history of American public education, the standards movement might be seen as yet another loosely defined effort to stir up commitment and exhort teachers to higher performance. Or it might be seen as a turning point after which states—rather than political processes and customs—set goals for student learning. Much depends on whether business leaders and governors stop congratulating themselves and begin to look more closely at the treaties among educators that now pass as standards in most states.

— Paul T. Hill

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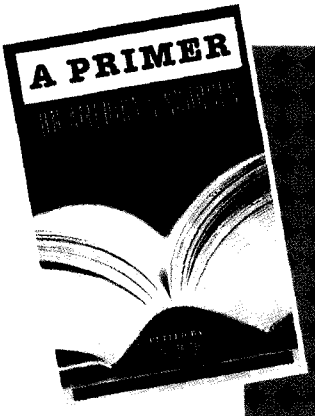

Want to learn more about K–12 education policy?

Visit us on-line at **www.hoover.org** *or contact us to receive a complimentary copy of* **A Primer on America's Schools**—*11 chapters by Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education.*

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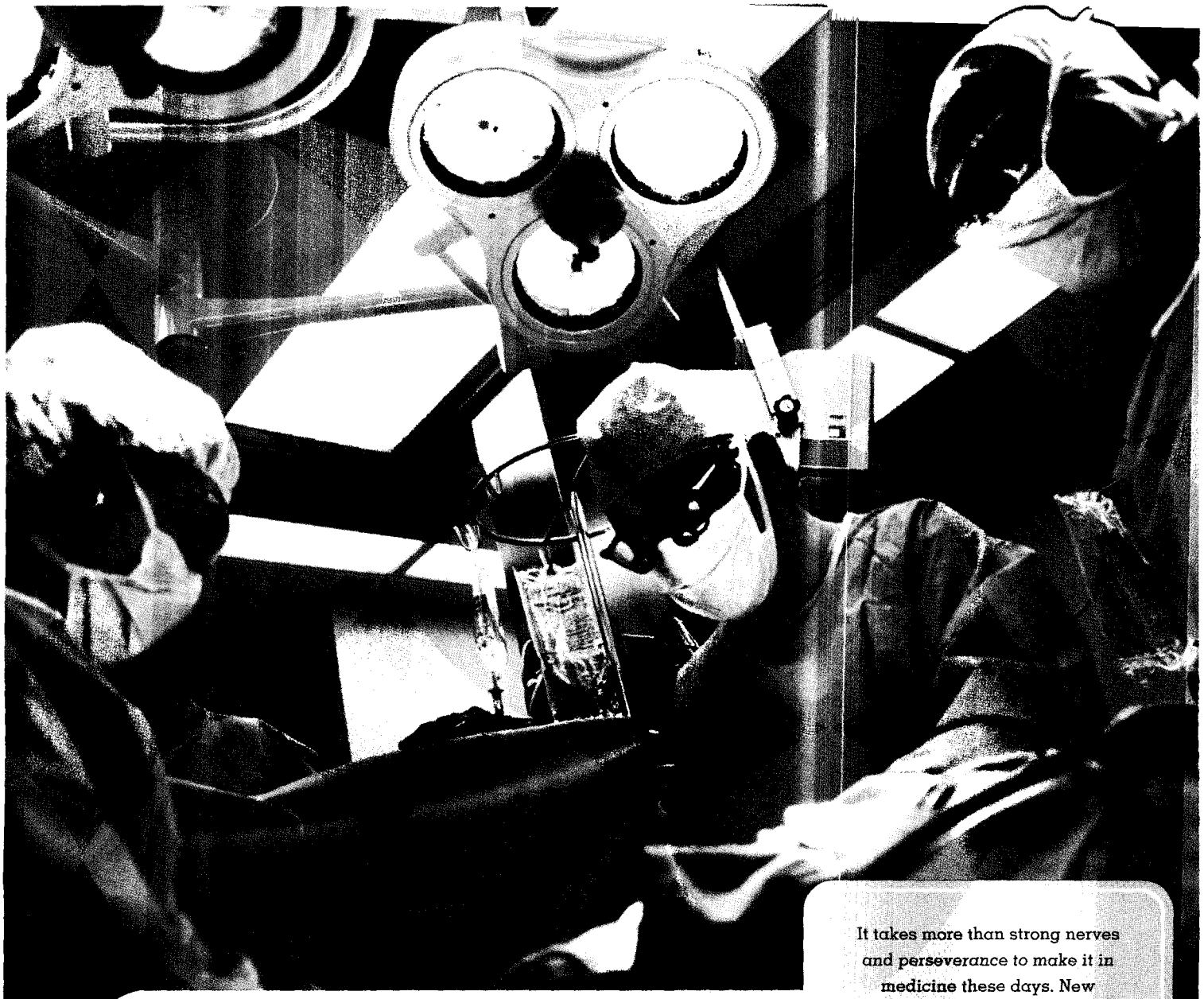

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